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Phosphorus—Light Bringer

Editorial Foreword

PHOSPHORUS — an element necessary to renew the fertility of our soil — has been chosen for editorial discussion this month because chemists tell us that phosphorus is far more important to the future of America than many other matters which concern us, even a balanced budget.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is governed by a board of three directors. One of these is not an electrical engineer but an entomologist and expert on plant life, Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan. He is one of the nation's inspired prophets of conservation. The ruling passion of his life is the reclamation of depleted American soil. In the federal chemical works at Muscle Shoals Dr. Morgan saw an opportunity to develop laboratories to produce concentrated fertilizers for American agriculture and an educational center for soil conservation. Three elements most essential for debilitated soil are nitrogen, potassium, and phosphorus. Now that nitrates can readily be manufactured anywhere out of the air and requisite potassium is easily available, Dr. Morgan decided to concentrate on the problem of phosphorus, so necessary to the life of all plants.

Dr. Morgan shows his visitors a graphic chart of our national economy. In the upper half is Soil Exhaustion, containing rural poverty, urban congestion, erosion, and the other factors that create the necessity for national borrowing, relief, relocation, and reconstruction. In the lower half of the chart is Soil Conservation, which includes diversified production, decentralization of industry, water storage on the land, recreation and health, and the other items that foster reasonable national taxes for education and public works. In the center of the page, linking the two, stands Phosphorus — the "catalyst of land and farm planning."

GREEN GLASS

ON MY DESK in New York stands a bottle containing cakes of green glass. Every morning I pick up this bottle and shake the lovely translucent fragments and dream of what they may portend to make my country in truth America the Beautiful. The bottle was given me several weeks ago at the TVA laboratory at Muscle Shoals. The green lumps are composed of a new chemical, calcium metaphosphate — "metaphos." They provide a higher percentage of phosphate that can be ground into plant food than any concentrate yet developed. Metaphos is now being manufactured that contains as much as 70 per cent of plant food: P_2O_5 — phosphorus pentoxide. This latest triumph of the peacetime use of the nation's war plant at Muscle Shoals is even more important to the future of America than the settlement of the current dispute between the TVA and the power companies.

Phosphorus, the Greek word meaning "light

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bringer," was used by the ancients for any substance that glows in the dark. It was first identified as one of the elements in Germany in 1669. In its pure state — waxy, poisonous, highly inflammable — phosphorus cannot, of course, be used as plant food. In phosphates it has always contributed involuntarily to soil conservation, but superphosphate was first employed consciously by agriculture as fertilizer in England about 1840.

The available phosphate rock now utilized in the United States comes chiefly from two states, Tennessee and Florida. Three million tons are mined annually, one third of the world supply; and one third of our production is exported annually from Florida. Phosphorus is used for munitions as well as for agriculture, and, ironically enough, our exports find their way chiefly to the bellicose nations of Italy, Germany, and Japan.

But we have in storage far greater untouched resources of phosphate rock in the West — in the States north of Great Salt Lake: Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana. In fact these deposits amount to 6,000,000,000 tons, or one third of the total known world supply of phosphates. Happily most of these deposits have already been segregated and protected as federal lands. It is Dr. Harcourt Morgan's dream that the processes developed at Muscle Shoals and education in the land-grant colleges throughout the nation will bring about the conversion of these Western deposits into fertilizer sufficiently concentrated to make possible its distribution to the Dust Bowl and the depleted prairies of the Middle West.

News for the Farmer

Scanning the country for an expert to direct the development of new fertilizers in the electrical furnaces of the TVA, Dr. Morgan persuaded an outstanding chemical engineer, Dr. Harry A. Curtis, to leave a private post and take a responsible position as chief of the chemical research of the TVA. It was by telephone to Dr. Curtis in the phosphate fields of Tennessee that we obtained the formula for metaphos — $Ca(PO_3)_2$. Many patents and technical articles have come out of the TVA furnaces. Phosphorus is produced by the treatment in electric furnaces of rock phosphate, and this phosphorus is then used to produce concentrated superphosphate and metaphos.

Dr. Morgan's program does not call for more agriculture in the United States but for more diversification and the production of crops for local needs rather than export. Throughout the Tennessee Valley, soil experts are at work introducing the new phosphates and encouraging the farmers to test them. They urge the planting of leguminous crops — such as peas and beans, clover and alfalfa — instead of the cotton and the corn that have depleted a once fertile soil. Legumes obviate the expense of artificial nitrates, as they themselves fix nitrogen in the soil. The experts lecture to the farmers on the advantage of seeding in terraces on the hillsides to check erosion. This campaign, of course, is co-ordinated with the planting of new forests.

The work of education is slow but sure. The schools take up the cry for scientific methods. The colleges turn out trained agriculturists. One by one the farmers try out the new technique.

The Farmers are Taking Hold

Plant foods developed by the Authority are now being tested in more than 35 States. In the Tennessee Valley, large-scale demonstrations are carried out by community committees. The Authority furnishes the phosphates for demonstration, but the farmer must pay transportation and buy his own seeds. In the beginning of 1936 there were 1,000 such demonstration farms in the Valley; by the end of the year there were 14,000 farms, with a combined area of 2,250,000 acres. The eroded hillsides of the South are becoming green once more.

The eagerness for phosphorus in the world at present is illustrated by the recent developments in the Soviet Union. The little phosphate mining town of Kirovsk in the Arctic, according to today's news item, has grown in a decade from 200 to 35,000 souls. Two million tons of phosphate were mined there in 1936.

Phosphorus is as necessary for human beings and animals as for living plants. The lowly lima bean contains an even higher percentage of phosphorus than hospital spinach. But this subject we defer to a coming editorial on national nutrition!

Henry Goddard Leach

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Boss Hague

by **SUTHERLAND DENLINGER**

Portrait by Hugo Gellert

HOWEVER WE may be moving nationally (and the Lord only knows), it is a fact that in our States and municipalities the boss business, which is American for the dictator business, has been pretty much on the wane lately. Chicagoans have only the memory of Big Bill Thompson (although Nash and Kelly are ardent students of the method); the Tammany tiger's skin adorns the trophy room of New York's Little Flower; and in many cities from the Golden Gate to Massachusetts Bay the little fellows scurry fearlessly about, for their big, bad wolves are dead.

But there are major exceptions to this pleasant trend: in Kansas City, Pendergast; in Memphis, Crump; in Jersey City, Hague. Even without his current embroilment with the C.I.O., an embroilment which has made him the current popular symbol of black reaction, there could be no question but that Frank Hague is the most important of the three. Both Crump and Pendergast reach out beyond the borders of their most intimate domains, but Hague's influence permeates the government of a more populous and wealthier kingdom.

No political boss in the history of America has made a more thorough and efficient job of it than has Frank Hague, and that goes for the Murphys and the Crockers and even the extravagant and redoubtable Kingfish of more recent memory. Yet he resembles these gentlemen only in his faculty for organization, a certain ruthless political realism, and that rough-and-ready distain for the niceties of speech and action which often marks the American leader of the peepul.

There the resemblance ends, and the differences begin. So far from establishing the traditional alliance between shady politics and "vice," for example, Hague has made of Jersey City (if, conspicuously, not of surrounding Hudson County) a place to delight the cold heart of the Puritan. You won't find any women at the bars in his hamlet of 360,000 persons, and it is against the law to permit dancing in an establishment where either food or drink is sold. Jersey City is headquarters for a huge horse-race bookmaking industry but nothing sportier. The city's mammoth medical center, exceeded in size only by New York's Bellevue and Chicago's Cook County Hospital, is a Hague creation and his particular concern. Hague's creation, too, is Jersey City's Special Service Bureau, the operating mechanism for a technique of dealing with juvenile delinquents which has its roots in a sane kindliness and which, deservedly, has gained national renown.

He is, you understand, no monster. But the methods by which he maintains and expands

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his power are reprehensible; his efforts to make Jersey City a refuge for sweatshop employers are sickening; and as a political force he menaces democracy and merits extinction. He is an interesting variant on the uniquely American type of dictator, a type which flourished long before Mr. Lewis began to worry about whether it could happen here.

Early Life of the Hero

Frank Hague was born January 17, 1876, in a tumble-down frame house in Jersey City's second ward, a district known as the Horseshoe and the most impoverished section of an industrial town where poverty was a commonplace. As are a majority of Jersey City residents today, he was of Irish stock. His father, John D. Hague, was a night watchman in a bank, a man without political aspiration but subject to typical Hibernic fascination by the subtleties of municipal government.

As a baby, Frank was sickly. His mother, a Jersey City girl who had been born Margaret Fagen, used to carry him daily, on a pillow, around the corner to the free clinic at St. Francis Hospital, for treatment. Hague's knowledge of this no doubt explains the Jersey City medical center and his indirect reply to a critic who thought the appointments of its wards perhaps a trifle — well — luxurious. "It is bad enough to be poor," said the Mayor, "but to be poor and sick at the same time is just hell!"

Growing up, Frank Hague gravitated inevitably into one of the neighborhood gangs which used to pilfer from freight cars in the railroad yards and engage in sanguinary conflict with the Hillies, a contingent of slightly higher class hoodlums from the town's upland areas, who would swarm down on the meadows to fight. Today, those of the Mayor's associates who remember him from that time recall that he was a leader in these engagements.

This was a tough school. Years later he recalled its lessons to 2,500 inmates of the Rahway Reformatory in an effort to persuade them to fill out a questionnaire designed to supply information on the causes of juvenile delinquincy. He said:

> A lot of you are probably suspicious of anything a public official says, and I don't blame you a damn bit. You've been kicked around plenty. You got into trouble when you were kids and yet you didn't do anything worse than I did. I grew up in a tough part of Jersey City, and most of my friends swiped things out of freight cars, and by the time I was twelve I had played hooky so often I was kicked out of school.

The Mayor may have laid it on a bit for his audience, but at any rate even the emasculated pages of an "official biographical sketch" remark his "inherent aversion to study" and the fact that he quit P.S. 21 as soon as he reached working age.

A gangling, blue-eyed lad who stood six feet and was handy with his fists, young Hague, still in his early teens, got a job as a blacksmith's helper. His entrance into the ranks of the wage earners was greeted with relief by parents to whom the support of a large family (Frank was one of eight children, only three of whom are still living) was an unending struggle. After a year or so at anvil and forge the boy graduated to a slightly better job ("playing nursemaid to locomotives," he has termed it since) in the Erie Railroad yards.

He had heard his father's stories of William McAvoy, Democratic boss of Jersey City and Hudson County in the late '70's and '80's, and he had watched the career of Denis McLaughlin, McAvoy's successor, with critical interest. Presently his faculty for gang leadership began to manifest itself in the rough-and-tumble political school of the Horseshoe. So assiduously did he devote himself to this infinitely more attractive form of study that in 1895, two years before he was eligible to vote, the second ward elected him constable. The post carried no salary, to be sure, but it was such conclusive proof of a following that Bob Davis, who had taken over the reins in Hudson, found Hague a court job paying $25 a week. With that, the die was cast. Frank Hague was through with the Erie yards, through with all menial toil, forever.

On the Make

The years which followed brought him a variety of jobs, but always he was delivering for the organization and always building for himself. For a while he was sergeant at arms of the Assembly; still later, a deputy sheriff. He lost the latter job through an incident which seems to have hinged on his loyalty to a crony who had run afoul of the law; it was an unfortunate occurrence, perhaps, but it had absolutely no effect on his blooming political career.

By 1908 Davis' influence was dwindling, and

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the late H. Otto Whitpenn was a rising political power. Hague, weary — his friends say — of seeing his suggestions to Davis disregarded, swung over to Whitpenn. Hague was now leader of the second ward, and Whitpenn, elected Mayor, dispensed bounty on a scale commensurate with a leader's worth.

Hague's reward, the post of city hall custodian, not only paid $2,000 a year but afforded so many opportunities for political betterment that three years later he was ready for a major step upward. He ran successfully for his first city-wide office, becoming a member of the Street and Water Board at a salary of $3,000 a year.

The year 1913 brought the commission form of government to Jersey City, a move designed to prevent the domination of the city by a political machine. Actually, it was destined to prove the perfect instrument for Frank Hague's skilled hand.

Hague ran for city commissioner, and was elected, one of five, although he trailed all but one of his colleagues. (Among these colleagues was A. Harry Moore, who was to become, under Hague's auspices, three times Governor of New Jersey and once a United States Senator.) The new job paid $5,000 a year. What was more, Hague became Commissioner of Public Safety, with the police force and the fire department under his command.

In 1917 Hague was again elected a commissioner, and this time his fellow commissioners — whom he had brought into office by skillful operation of his efficient machine — promptly named him Mayor. This is a process which has been repeated with monotonous regularity every four years since.

The Mayor himself has announced his program for the future. Said he, after his latest election:

> This is the seventh time I have been elected. Nineteen forty-one will be the eighth, nineteen forty-five will be the ninth, nineteen forty-nine will be the tenth, and then I'll retire. I'm sixty-one now.

Showers of Ballots

Two years after he first became Mayor, Hague succeeded in winning the governorship for Edward I. Edwards. His reverses in State contests since that victory have been rare and temporary. He has been a "national figure" for at least eighteen years and is (of course) a Democratic National Committeeman. No one can do more toward getting out the vote, and that is what it takes in those exalted circles.

On any really important occasion, Hudson County, of which Jersey City is the metropolis, can be counted on to check in with approximately 90 per cent of her registered vote, as against about 60 per cent for other sections of New Jersey. In the elections of last May, when there was no really important issue before them (it was just the Hague regime coming up for its routine endorsement), 70 per cent of Jersey City's registered voters voted — or were voted. The total was 121,474 out of 157,469 on the lists, and all but 6,798 of these voters were Democratic. It was the greatest plurality in the city's history.

Jersey City's 12 wards are divided into 308 election districts. In each of these wards the organization maintains a ward leader, with a woman aide. Each district in the ward, in turn, is in charge of a district leader, who has a staff of 30 "heelers." Each heeler is responsible for a number of families in his district and is the machine's direct contact man, the justification for Hague's boast that his organization is "on the job 24 hours a day, 365 days a year."

"A truly representative organization," the Mayor says, "never sleeps." He adds: "I am a typical American, and this is a typical American city. The man who can't play politics can't sit in at the game."

Unquestionably this game as played by the Hague organization (his contempt for "amateurs" is withering) involves a measure of funny business. The odd thing is that the Hague forces go in for it when so obviously they hold all the winning cards anyway. New Jersey has a permanent registration system. The man who learned that his wife had voted while she lay critically ill in the Mayor's splendid hospital was not really surprised.

Last November, the Hague candidate, former Senator A. Harry Moore, defeated Rev. Lester H. Clee, Republican, for the governorship of New Jersey by 44,630 votes. The Democratic majority in Hague's back yard was enormous, and the Clee managers fought for and obtained a recount, sincerely believing that it would enable them to pick up at least 20,000 votes in Hudson County.

Before the recount was abandoned, Clee had gained 595 votes in about one sixth of 653

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election districts. In Jersey City the recount was dropped after Clee had picked up 570 votes in 106 districts out of 308. David Weiner, a lawyer active in the recount, reported finding a good many ballots covered with erasures, etc. Some Clee backers thought they had grounds for demanding a legislative investigation. It is doubtful, however, if the Clee recount proved much either way, although it is certainly a fact that Hague's juggernaut can elect its men, if it pleases, without resort to the cruder varieties of fraud.

A shift from paper ballots to voting machines might cut the organization's huge majorities somewhat. Mayor Hague, at any rate, detests the very idea of machines and recently denounced a proposal that they be adopted, calling it a dastardly attack on the sanctity of the ballot. The organization's great strength, however, probably lies in the simple fact that it pursues the vote and gets it out. Hague is perfectly aware that the average citizen is not particularly eager to exercise his franchise. Before the last election, a post card was sent by the Mayor to every registered voter, as a reminder, and the heelers cover their beats thoroughly when the great day dawns. Then it is that the kindnesses done, the load of fuel for the cold flat, the food for the hungry, the care for the sick, bring results. An ancient formula but effective.

Hague and Labor

Hague is not a man to fool with. The line of advancement in his organization is the line of assignments rigidly carried out. It is not enough that a leader deliver a majority vote: he must increase that majority with each election or explain why not. According to report, those who hold their jobs by virtue of the machine kick back three per cent of their pay to create a fund for current emergencies, and are required to meet additional assessments (estimated at three to fifteen per cent) at election time.

During the depression the Mayor forced all city employees to take a ten-per-cent cut and then made them come through with $220,000 to be spent for the food and clothing, rent and coal of his indigent followers.

How his personal financial fortunes have fared during the decades of his dictatorship remains a mystery. "Hagueism" has been under attack since first he rose to power, and yet no investigating commission has ever been able to sift his personal affairs, the courts agreeing — in more elegant language — that they were nobody's business but his own.

In 1929, however, he was forced to compromise a government income-tax claim for $60,000. This, coupled with the fact that he maintains a luxurious apartment in a good (Republican) residential district and a country home in Deal, New Jersey, would suggest considerable affluence. His salary when first elected Mayor was $6,250; later it was raised to $8,000, and there it has remained. But it is reasonable to suppose that a man so placed would be in a position to receive much investment inspiration, of the sort to enable an honest penny to revolve with otherwise incredible rapidity.

Hague has not always been in opposititon to organized labor. Indeed, it is an error (technical) to say that today, for he has the support of the American Federation of Labor (in which he holds an honorary card) in his fight against the "communistic" C.I.O. During a strike which took place in 1913, while he was still Commissioner of Public Safety, he ordered the strikebreakers out of town and he has arbitrated several hundred strikes himself.

Some time ago, however, he became involved in a bitter fight with Theodore Brandle, then President of the State Building Trades Council. Hague swore that he would break Brandle's power, and he did. For years, now, Jersey City publicity emanating — as does everything else in Jersey City — from the Mayor's office has stressed, among the city's other advantages for industry, its freedom from labor disputes and its plentiful supply of "contented workers." Advertisements to this effect have appeared in a variety of newspapers and magazines, and in addition brochures have been sent out from the Mayor's own office emphasizing that "few large industrial communities in the United States have been more free than Jersey City from industrial friction or disturbances of any kind."

Now Jersey City, what with one thing and another, including the Mayor's undoubtedly humanitarian improvements (which incidentally make votes), is no inexpensive enterprise. The city is forced by law to meet expenses out of revenue, and she does, but the 1936 budget of $23,233,978 was approximately five times

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that of New Orleans. The Jersey City police force, incidentally, is one of the best paid, best equipped, and — per capita — largest in the country.

All this inevitably has been reflected in taxes and assessments, and hence the Mayor had real cause for alarm when, in 1936, the first of a series of labor disturbances began to invalidate a selling point to industry which went to offset these necessarily considerable levies. During the seamen's strike that winter, the Mayor ordered his police to run the pickets at the Dollar Line pier out of town. And about that time he was asked by Joseph Quinn, President of the Hudson County Central Labor Union, to define his attitude on picketing. He said:

> I want to see the working men and women get a square deal, but lately we have had people coming in here from New York stirring up trouble. They are nothing but communists, and I do not intend to tolerate them. If I have to put up with communists, I'll quit. If they stay here, I'll get out. If we have to have a war on the communists here, I'll wage it.

When the C.I.O. showed fight and the American Civil Liberties Union injected itself into the unhappy picture, Hague was beside himself with rage. The C.I.O.'s insistence that it would organize Jersey City was a challenge to an absolute authority. Hague's now famous remark, "I am the law," was a simple statement of truth.

The Boss at Work and Play

His absolutism, to residents of freer communities, would seem almost unbelievable. By two means, in his long reign, he has eliminated virtually all effective opposition. Opponents who could not be won over he either stamped out or frightened into silence. Did a newspaper venture to print criticism, its advertising revenue fell off; did a clergyman dare raise his voice against him, merchant members of that congregation quite likely received hints of a boycott. For those who climbed on the band wagon, the pay-off — if they were valuable enough — was handsome: judgeships and magistracies for the lawyers or well-paid work as counsel to one or the other of the city departments; soft seats for sensible laymen. Clergymen who saw the light were appointed to a variety of chaplaincies.

Hague laughs at his weak Republican opposition — and with reason. In one election the Republicans, in an effort to stop the gentle practice of stuffing ballot boxes, recruited a number of volunteer challengers. Among them were a dozen college boys, eleven of whom landed at the hospital for treatment within an hour or so after their arrival at the polls.

"Animal spirits," said Frank Hague, "that's all. I told my boys to lay off, but it was a dull election, and they couldn't resist a little fun."

From time to time, taking advantage of the State election laws, Hague has moved in on the Republican primaries and taken them over. His method is not complicated; he merely holds about 50 per cent of his organization out of the Democratic primaries and throws them into the Republican, usually assuring the victory of whichever candidate he deems most innocuous or best calculated to damage the Republican cause.

"My boys," he says, "got a right to be independent."

Hague, like Mussolini or Hitler, believes implicitly that he is just what Jersey City, New Jersey, and perhaps the nation, need. To the charge that his paternalism has made him wealthy, he retorts — what is true — that he has greatly increased the taxes paid by the twelve railroads entering his city; that he has consistently fought against increases in the rates of utilities; and that he has cleaned up vice and gambling (although Jersey City seems just now to be a clearinghouse for race-track bookies who use the telephone to evade New York betting laws).

None of these exploits, he points out, is a traditional means toward the acquisition of ill-gotten riches. Furthermore, the city is on a sound financial basis (an expert consultant on municipals hazards that its government is too expensive but adds that "they are getting value for their money").

Beyond these arguments, Hague can call attention to such achievements as his truly remarkable record, in recent years, in reducing juvenile delinquency, a project as close to his heart as is the memory of his own underprivileged childhood. A single excerpt from statistics will serve to illustrate this accomplishment. In the school year 1929–30 there were 897 court cases involving juveniles in Jersey City; four years later the figure had dropped to 116. Every cop in the city is in effect an aide of the Special Service Bureau which handles these cases, and any patrolman who lugged a child

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off to the precinct police station would be fired.

And then there is always the great medical center. President Roosevelt himself attended the dedication of a $7,500,000 addition to this center last year, an addition built with the aid of PWA funds, and Mayor Hague is apt to spend almost as much time in its corridors as at the city hall. Should he see a patient wheeled along with blankets improperly tucked about him or any other little irregularity, hospital officials are certain to hear of it.

Forceful enough and often profane in private, Hague can also, on some occasions, speak effectively in public. He lapses easily, however, into the most execrable grammar and when excited and angry is inclined to mix phrases and reverse word order until what he is saying becomes positively meaningless. His friends claim that this difficulty is owing to the fact that his keen mind races ahead of his tongue, just as an indifferent piano player may read faster than he can play.

Never in his life has Hague taken a drink, and a single experience with smoking in his early youth (it made him sick) was enough. Despite what might be called his puritanism, however (actually he is a devout Catholic), he has no prejudice against liquor. With him it is a matter of health, and he was largely responsible for the frank stand against prohibition taken by the 1932 Democratic national convention.

Hague has a sense of humor and with male associates is quite a raconteur, somewhat on the Al Smith model. In mixed company he is inclined to be rather stiff, appearing the least bit uncomfortable. He has a son, who is a beginning lawyer, and an adopted daughter (his first child, a girl, died in infancy). Sometimes he takes Mrs. Hague across the river to see a musical comedy, but his favorite recreation, probably, is attending prize fights.

Scarcely a day passes that he does not take a long walk. Here again his primary purpose is to preserve his health, although he seems to enjoy it and will walk a friend ragged. Sometimes he walks in Manhattan (he likes to be driven over through the tunnel to lunch at one of the smarter New York hotels), but more usually his strolls are through the streets of his own Jersey City at night.

On such occasions he is apt to drop into a handy drugstore and put in a call for police. If a patrolman isn't there in three minutes flat — Hague has fixed that as the outside time limit for a response to a call for police aid anywhere within the city limits — there is hell to pay. Usually he is home and in bed by ten o'clock, up again by seven.

The Great Red Hunt

There can be no question but that the current attack upon him by the C.I.O. and the more aggressive liberals has transformed Hague into 175 pounds of almost frantic fury. This tall, arrogant dictator, with the cold blue eyes and the outsize lower lip, definitely has swung all the forces of his organization into the fight against them. To clergymen, war veterans, officeholders, Party leaders and to the great army of common people who have learned to fear and admire him the word went out, and the response was immediate. The Jersey City Chamber of Commerce passed resolutions endorsing him, and the businessmen — a large bloc of whom actually appear to hold Hague in high esteem as "our sort" — rallied to his support.

Mass meetings denounced as "un-American" the C.I.O., the American Civil Liberties Union, and all who had dared to challenge Mayor Hague. It was idle to retort that this activity was promoted by the Mayor and his henchmen and difficult to get behind the Mayor's statement that "I represent the people of this city and I know that the residents of this community are behind me almost unanimously." The simple truth is that many of them (mistaken though they may be) *are* behind the Boss as sincerely in the latest drive against "alien radicalism" as they have been in all else for more than two decades.

"I am the law," he declared. The law caused the arrest of men who attempted to distribute pamphlets attacking Hagueism and the law saw to it that permits for meetings sponsored by the C.I.O. or the Civil Liberties Union were not forthcoming. The law, being in essence a single individual, was flexible and elastic; and, if it conflicted with Constitutional guarantees, was it not only in an effort to save that Constitution — together with "contented labor" and anxious industrialists — from the red peril which so shadowed the pristine whiteness of the Hague organization?

That stereotyped cry of *Red!* has, thus far, constituted the whole of the Mayor's argument

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against the evil at his gates. Said he, recently:

> It would be wiser for these strangers striving to save us from ourselves to first find out what this fight is all about. These strangers may as well understand that the Stars and Stripes will continue to fly over our city. The blue and white will remain with the red in our emblem. The red flag never will be hoisted here while we Americans live in Jersey City.

Remember that this Frank Hague is a member of the Democratic National Committee and, to that extent, presumably basks in the favor of the New Deal. At least he enjoys its patronage. But who are we to murmur of contradictions?

Not without his virtues, certainly, is Frank Hague; quite as certainly, in the larger sense, he is not an asset to the common weal. It is his basic purpose, demonstrated in his career, to hold and enhance his personal power, and he will do — as he has done — whatever he deems expedient to that purpose. He is a weed in our somewhat trampled democratic garden, and should be torn up by the roots, paternalistic virtues along with the rest of the plant.

When Fiorello H. La Guardia was first elected Mayor of New York City on a nonpartisan, nonpolitical platform of municipal reform, Frank Hague predicted that he would not last. "Leadership without organization," he commented, characteristically, "is doomed."

But he was wrong.

Let us hope that some day he will be wrong nearer at home.

Big Bill Thompson, out in Chicago, had organization. But finally the spotlight of public attention was focused on him, painfully, and presently Big Bill was done for.

That spotlight, thanks to the C.I.O., is now turned on Frank Hague. Already it has disclosed his absolutism, his shrewd negation of democratic principles, and his intellectual limitations. Will it do for him, too?

Here's hoping.

Should Teachers Marry?

A Debate

I — Efficiency First

***by* ALONZO F. MYERS**

RECENTLY at an educational conference the writer made a few remarks to the general effect that marriage and parenthood are highly desirable experiences for the teacher and that the policy of denying to the married woman teacher the right to continue teaching is wholly indefensible. Indeed, he insisted that marriage among women teachers should be encouraged rather than forbidden. The protests which these mild remarks drew from readers of the *New York Times* were exceedingly enlightening. They probably indicate the real nature of the opposition to married women teachers.

The quotation below is from a letter written by a man:

> Many young women who have worked their way through college and in some cases have an aged mother or father (or both) to support, cannot get a position for which they have fitted themselves at great expense simply because married women with working husbands continue to hang on to jobs after they are married. In this fool country we tolerate husband and wife working for example as principal and assistant principal in one single school while another teacher with dependents cannot find work as the single breadwinner for one family. Well, Hitler

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and Mussolini have changed that. When the American people wake up this situation will be changed. Anybody with ideas like you will find himself on a rubbish heap where they rightfully belong. We have rotten economic and unemployment conditions just because there are too many nuts like you around.

The writer of the letter from which the following is quoted did not identify himself but certainly holds somewhat entertaining views:

It is an impossible thing for a woman if married to do justice to her family and at the same time have such an occupation as teaching. Her chief interest and concern would be with her family and she would have little left for anything else and her school would suffer accordingly. . . . In teaching she would lose several weeks time whenever she had a baby and the occasion would furnish plenty of amusement to the children who of course would have had an opportunity to observe the coming event as it progressed outwardly.

. . . The majority of graduates look forward to teaching as their future employment and now they are to be told that unfortunately there are no positions open to them until the married women have been provided for as they have the responsibility of caring for a husband and perhaps a family. The husband would likely not be of a very high type, often a semi-loafer, who would look to his wife for support. She would lose additional time from her teaching when getting a divorce.

The writer of the following did not sign her name. While her letter leaves something to be desired from the point of view of sentence structure, punctuation and spelling, her feeling on the subject is unmistakable:

. . . We think that each married teachers case should be looked into where a teacher has a husband who is well able to take care of her she should be made to stay home and keep house for her husband and children but while she has such men as you talk the way you do she will go right on letting a twenty five dollar a month maid take care of her family. There is more badeness goes on both in doing away with children and holding cocktail partys after school and neglecting there familys by these married teachers.

Now about the young girl that is on the list waiting to be appointed as a teacher while married women forty fifty and some sixty years old still teaching should be let out and young teachers put in there places. If these married teachers who have husbands with good positions did not have all of this extra money to do with as they like there would be less cock tail partys. The single teacher who has to support her self don't have money to through away on these drunken partys these married school teachers have. We do not say that a married teacher having a sickly husband or a widow who has got to support her self she should be let hold her position.

. . . . . .

Now about women in other lines. If we were all allowed to go back after having children like these teachers we would feel sorry for the younger generation.

Married women with husbands having good jobs should be discharged and there would be less married and single men and women out of work. As for married women making the best teachers *That is all wrong*. They have there family on there mind and from our children we know Single Teachers are the best teachers.

. . . . . .

These quotations really constitute the case against the married woman teacher. Briefly stated, it is that married women teachers, regardless of their efficiency and general desirability as teachers, should give up their positions in order to create jobs for unmarried young women desiring to teach.

II

ONE MIGHT IMAGINE, judging by the amount of agitation, that teaching is a field largely dominated by married women and that, if something could be done about it, the unemployment problem of unmarried women would largely be solved. Actually in 1930, the last date for which census figures are available, less than 18 per cent of the women teachers in the United States were married. The number of married women teachers in the entire country was 152,568. This is a sizable figure, but let us see how it compares with the number of married women in other occupations employing large numbers of women and how the percentage of married teachers compares with the number of married women in these other occupations.

Number and Percentage of Married and Unmarried Women Teachers Compared with Certain Other Occupations (United States Census Figures for 1930)

Occupation	Number of women employed	Women Number married	Women Per cent married
Clerical occupations	1,986,142	363,536	18 plus
Servants, cooks outside the home	1,623,041	493,213	30 plus
Teaching	853,967	152,568	17 plus
Professional service, excluding teaching	671,993	141,729	21 plus
Saleswomen	559,936	188,761	33 plus
Farm laborers	551,158	238,458	43 plus
Laundresses not in laundries	335,755	178,258	50 plus
Total for these occupations	*6,601,992*	*1,758,533*	*27 plus*

The figures given in the table represent only about 62 per cent of the women who were gainfully employed in the United States in 1930. Actually, there were 10,632,227 women so employed. Of these, 3,071,302, nearly 29 per cent,

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were married. In the light of these figures, our 152,568 married women teachers do not constitute a very large part of the problem. There will be small consolation to those who are disturbed about this question to learn that the number and percentage of married women workers are increasing rapidly, as is the total number of gainfully employed women. The writer agrees with one of his correspondents on at least one point: it would require a Hitler or a Mussolini to change this trend. Let us see what has been happening in this respect over the past few decades in the United States.

Gainfully Employed Unmarried and Married Women in the United States and the Percentage Married (Based on United States Census Reports)

Year	Number of women employed		Per cent married
	Unmarried	Married	
1890	3,196,884	515,260	13 plus
1900	4,227,938	769,477	15 plus
1910	5,749,167	1,890,661	24 plus
1920	6,426,515	1,920,281	23 plus
1930	7,560,925	3,071,925	28 plus

Fundamentally, it was the rapid increase of laborsaving devices in the home, accompanied by a changed attitude toward women, which brought women — and especially married women — out of the home and into the green pastures of gainful occupations. All these statistics are necessary in order to see the problem of the married woman teacher in its proper setting and perspective. We see that the increase in the number of married women teachers is only part of a major social change in this country affecting the status of women. We see that there are fewer married women teachers in relation to the total number of women teachers than is true of the number of married women workers in relation to the total number of women workers in any other occupation employing large numbers of women.

III

THERE IS no justification for the present agitation and discrimination against married women teachers. If there should be justification for the argument that the way to relieve unemployment is to make married women stop working, the place to start is with the laundresses, the farm laborers, and the saleswomen, where really large numbers and percentages of married women are employed, rather than with the teachers. Not only this: There are far too few married women teachers. Teaching is the only major occupation in which marriage and parenthood are a direct and positive asset. Yet it is this occupation which discriminates most against married women workers.

Probably the best single criterion that could be named for the selection of a teacher is marriageability. Actually, this criterion very commonly is applied, although usually not under that name. When the superintendent of schools demands that the applicant for a teaching position should be neat, attractive, well dressed, vivacious, and of pleasing personality, he is describing marriageability. He knows that is the kind of woman we wish to have teach our children. Then we say that she must not marry if she is to continue in her chosen profession. Furthermore, we supervise her personal life more closely than we do that of any other member of the community. This teacher must choose: (1) to marry secretly, (2) to "live in sin," (3) to abandon her chosen profession, (4) to subjugate normal impulses and devote her life to other people's children.

Society must choose (1) to grant to the unmarried woman teacher a large measure of extramarital sexual freedom, a privilege which many unmarried teachers would not wish to exercise and which society is not ready to grant; (2) to have their children taught by thwarted or undersexed spinsters; (3) to grant to women teachers the same right to marry and to bear children that other citizens enjoy. To this writer, the proper choice is clear.

Presumably if society not only permitted but encouraged the woman teacher to marry, there would be a slightly larger percentage of married women among teachers than among other groups of employed women. Economists whom the writer has consulted inform him that such a policy would not affect total employment figures one way or the other for the rest of the population. The chief gain would be in the direction of having well-adjusted, normal individuals directing the learning experiences of our children instead of a sizable percentage of maladjusted, abnormal ones.

Society makes a large investment in the professional education of its teachers, as well as in supervising and guiding them during their first years of teaching. Normally teachers do not enter the period of maximum efficiency until they have taught for about five years, by which

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time most normal young women wish to marry. To force them to leave the teaching service at marriage prevents society from realizing on this investment. With the present necessary and commendable emphasis, in modern education, on successful living, family relationships, and the development of normal, well-adjusted personalities, there is a clear need for a larger percentage of married women in our classrooms and for the removal of all restrictions against marriage, indeed for the positive encouragement of marriage through such provisions as maternity leaves for those women teachers who wish to marry. The items of efficiency and neglect of duty are not significant. Studies show that the married teacher is at least as efficient as the unmarried teacher. The unmarried teacher of the right sort devotes at least as much time to securing a husband as the married teacher devotes to keeping the one she has.

II — A Rule of Reason

by HELEN REYNOLDS

THIS WRITER finds herself in a difficult position in attempting to make clear her point of view with regard to the suggestion that there should be more married women teachers. She is in entire agreement that married women should be free to teach if they care to and are able to do so. She will go even farther than Mr. Myers and say that women who have prepared over a long period for teaching should not be required to give up their profession for matrimony. There is both an individual and a social loss suffered when this is necessary. The second weakening factor in this writer's position is that she is herself a spinster schoolteacher, and she is, therefore, open to the attack that her statements are solely emotional defense.

But it seems to this writer that certain important considerations are omitted from Mr. Myers' article and certain implications not made entirely clear. If, as Mr. Myers says, the restrictions against married women's working in any occupation will gradually disappear, then there is no particular reason for crusading in favor of the married woman teacher. Also, in spite of the restrictions placed by some school systems, colleges, and universities on the employment of married women teachers, in actual percentages the numbers do not seem to vary much from those of clerical workers — one per cent below — and other professional workers — four per cent below. The public has no direct control over the employment policies of privately owned business and industry. Consequently, if the public in general believes married women should not work, the only place where that belief can be expressed is through publicly controlled enterprises, such as the schools. Further, that this sentiment is active in business and industry and the professions is evident from the fact that many such enterprises will not employ married women or continue them in employment if they marry while employed. The statistics quoted by Mr. Myers tend to bear out this point, showing the heaviest employment of married women in the occupations of farm workers and laundresses — those furthest removed from organized public opinion. Hence the school employment policy does not seem to be severely out of line with general employment policy.

More important than this purely economic consideration are the implications that married teachers are better teachers than spinsters and that the restrictions against marriage prevent many of the most desirable type from entering the profession.

Actually, is there any evidence presented by observation or statistics to bolster the idea that a well-adjusted personality is necessarily the result of marriage? If one marriage in six goes the way of divorce, one cannot, surely, make the generalization that the married teacher is, because of being married, any more likely to be well adjusted than is her spinster colleague.

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Divorce statistics are probably misleading, because of the casual attitude of certain social groups toward marriage. But to balance this extreme is the other one of the number of mutually unsatisfactory marriages which do not end in divorce but which do little to contribute to the well-adjusted, unthwarted personality. There is no reason to assume that a reasonable proportion of unsatisfactory marriages will not be represented in the teaching group. It further seems that about as many unpleasant and uninteresting persons get married as do not. A fair proportion of these, also, will be included in the married-teacher group.

There would seem to be nothing in marriage, further than the claim for a better adjusted personality, to assure a woman's doing a better job of teaching because of her better understanding of children, unless she herself has children. Here we run into some conflict. Almost every mother in a middle-class home will assure all comers that the task of homemaking is a full-time job, if it is to be well done. All teachers, similarly, know that teaching is a full-time job. Many spinster teachers are housekeepers as well, but, if the teaching requires additional time at the expense of the housekeeping, the dust accumulates on the furniture and the teaching requirements are met. In the case of the mother who teaches, the responsibilities to children cannot and should not thus easily be subordinated to the responsibilities of the job. It would seem possible that these conflicting demands on a woman's time and energy might seriously interfere with the satisfactory performance of both jobs.

II

DOES THE FACT that a teacher is a spinster mean that she is one only because she is so hopelessly unattractive that no one wants her around or because to marry would mean to lose her job? Is it not possible that many teachers do not marry for no other reason than that they don't and that as a matter of fact they are happy in their way of life and well equipped for their work in every way — by personality and by professional preparation?

The community has a large responsibility in the creation of the all too generally accepted idea that the unmarried teacher is socially unadjusted. The teacher is expected not to be a human being with normal social reactions. She must not smoke; she must dress not too smartly; she must have friends of particular kinds; she must not read (or at least let others know that she does) the more radical types of literature, she must not dance — and certainly not with particular persons, etc., etc. She must, in short, be the scapegoat of the public morals — a kind of personification of all the copy-book virtues which the public does not itself care to practice. If the teacher laboring under these inhibiting conditions seems to the public who created her to have no understanding of the art of living and no capacity for it, it is not surprising. Now this mandate rests as firmly on the married as on the unmarried woman teacher. The unmarried woman teacher may manage to adjust herself to the public requirements — the married woman must not only meet these but try also to meet those of her husband, who probably would prefer his wife to be a personal companion rather than a public institution.

The effect of restrictions on marriage for teachers as an element in discouraging the more marriageable and hence, in Mr. Myers' judgment, the more desirable type of woman seems to be more academic than real. Women who are really more interested in teaching than in other types of activity will go into it in any case. Women who are really more interested in marriage than in other types of activity are likely to stay out of teaching, not because they have to leave the profession when they marry but because there are relatively so few unmarried men in teaching that their opportunities for meeting marriageable men are limited in this field.

The best personalities are the type to be sought for in teachers. It is apparent that the married woman teacher has a heavy load which it may be impossible for her to carry satisfactorily. The spinster teacher may find the conflicts of her own personality too severe to permit her to contribute satisfactorily to the development of the personalities of the youth in her charge. These statements can also be made in reverse just as truthfully. How to select for teaching those persons who can be most effective in helping young people to live with satisfaction to themselves is the problem. It is not to be solved by any such simple prescription as more or fewer married teachers or more or fewer spinsters.

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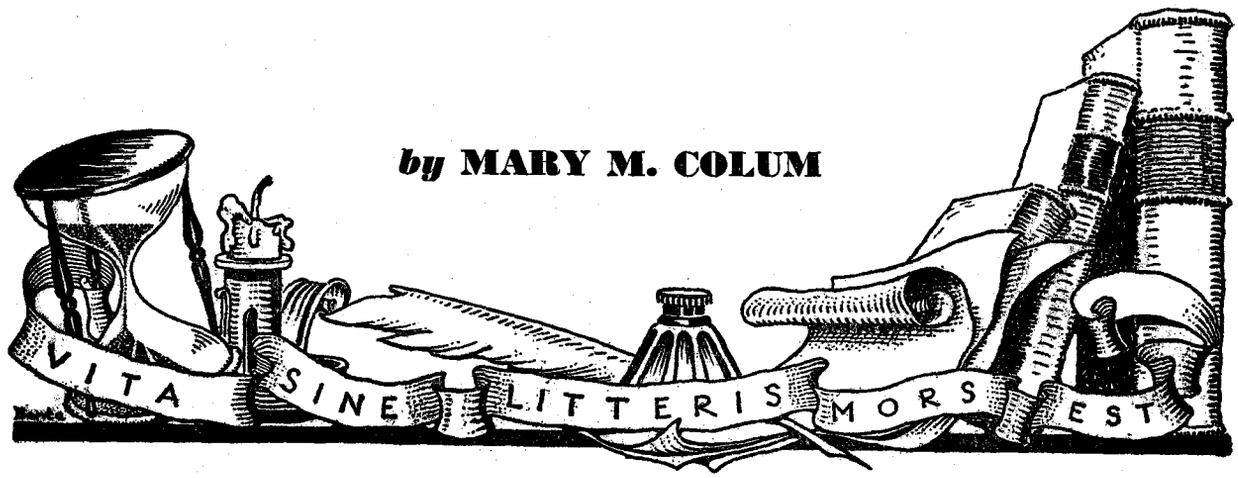
Life and Literature

*Philosophies of Human Experience**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

It is a critic's dream that one morning he will come to his table and find on it a book so informed by the spirit, so molded by high emotions and imagination, so stamped by a rich personality devoid of egoism that, whether the subject is happy or tragic, it leaves the reader in that exaltation that is above pain or pleasure. It was one of the old canons of criticism that a tragedy should be so elevating that it would leave on the reader's mind no sordid or depressing afterfeeling. In our time most of the books, especially novels, leave for days a hangover removable only by a druggist's prescription: there is in them an insistent note of resentment, of anger and hate. It is perhaps inevitable, too, that many of the books are about problems which the authors can neither solve nor properly expose.

For example, G. A. Borgese's *Goliath* is about the perplexing problem of Italy's role in the political world and of Mussolini's dictatorship; Herbert L. Matthews' *Two Wars and More to Come* is about the problem posed by Fascism outside Italy; Sinclair Lewis' *The Prodigal Parents* is about the problem of parents and children, downtrodden parents and exploiting children; Pearl Buck's *This Proud Heart* is about the problem of the artist-woman. These four are books that present riddles rather than solutions. On the other hand, Etienne Gilson's *The Unity of Philosophical Experience* deals enlighteningly with problems connected with the philosophical experiences and ideas that have been the glory of the European mind, while Æ.'s *The Living Torch*, though not by a professional philosopher like Gilson, nevertheless is a philosophic and illuminating book. It contains the philosophy of life or, rather, the religion of a man who believed that magnanimity was the real human virtue, who practiced it naturally and unegotistically, and who is able to illuminate the problems he is concerned with by a rare inner vision.

Goliath is far less effective than one would expect of a book from a man of G. A. Borgese's distinction; this lack of effectiveness is largely due to his considering the difficult problems he discusses in the light of his own ego. This is a common contemporary fault; Gilson's book throws light on the reason for its assuming such proportions in the modern world: we are too much given to considering what things and happenings have done to us instead of evaluating them in terms of themselves.

Goliath throws no more light than do other books on the problem of dictatorship. Can it be that we are returning to the primitive habit of choosing a headman of the tribe to run our affairs, give us security, and invent our laws

* Editor's Note: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Two Wars and More to Come, *by Herbert L. Matthews* (*Carrick & Evans, $2.50*); Goliath, *by G. A. Borgese* (*Viking, $3.00*); The Unity of Philosophical Expression, *by Etienne Gilson* (*Scribner, $2.50*); The Living Torch, *by Æ* (*Macmillan, $4.00*); The Prodigal Parents, *by Sinclair Lewis* (*Doubleday, Doran, $2.50*); This Proud Heart, *by Pearl S. Buck* (*Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50*).

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for us? That dictators are unpopular in their countries is a simple-minded notion of many Americans; actually, they are venerated by the bulk of the population under them — at least in what are called the fascist countries, whatever may be the case in Soviet Russia.

Peculiarities of Antifascism

Almost any writing that attacks European dictators will, at present, gain readers — and in the following proportions: the largest number if the attack is on Mussolini; the next largest if the attack is on Hitler; the least if the attack is on Stalin; and no readers at all if the attack is on Ataturk. There seems to be a general idea that communism has not been such a success in Russia that her dictatorship is as much a menace as that of Italy or Germany. On the whole, however, the order of unpopularity is something of a puzzle, unless it be owing to the current propaganda against fascism, which has, probably, stronger interests back of it than has the propaganda against communism. The complete identification in America of Fascism with Naziism is another puzzle. For Naziism has identified itself with what may turn out to be the most disastrous setback to civilization in this decade or maybe in this century — the persecution of the Jews — while Fascism cannot be identified with this persecution. Anti-Semitism appears to be a sort of mental disease and is contagious among people of lowered moral vitality. Like many writers, I have the impression that, if the disease were generally taken in hand and its symptoms and causes grappled with, it might disappear out of the world as have some other contagious diseases. Is antifascist propaganda a really effective counteraction to anti-Semitism? I am not sure.

If Herbert Matthews is right and there is really going on "an epic struggle between Italy and England with the Mediterranean as chief prize" and if Mussolini's expeditionary force in Spain is a phase of this struggle, then we have another light on antifascism which explains some of the present alignment of sympathies, though not all of them. This struggle, Herbert Matthews declares, is bound to lead to the next great war, and Matthews gives the impression of being unprejudiced, for his vivid account of the Ethiopian war is pro-Italian, and his vivid account of the Spanish war is pro-Loyalist. There was, he assures us, a time when he was all for Italian Fascism, but he does not relish the brand that has been exported to Spain.

A few years ago it would have been hard to spend any time in Italy without being converted to Italian Fascism. It worked impressively, and the abuses by too zealous supporters were not as bad as the abuses in other countries in a state of revolution. As Herbert Matthews says, the majority of Italians want it: a greater proportion of them want Mussolini than of Americans want Roosevelt; it is at present the chosen form of Italian government, and it is sensible to recognize that a dictatorship in some form has run through Italy's history — in other days the dictator merely went by another name.

But from the beginning there were two ominous things about Italian Fascism. First, the Duce openly believed in war, believed in it as militarists do, as a proper and virile occupation for men, even an inevitable occupation, at some time of their lives. Then there were some limitations to intellectual freedom — it was hard to put a finger on them, for in comparison with the greater restrictions in Germany and Russia, they did not reach a high point. But there were rumors that certain intellectuals were not having a particularly good time. It was said that some of these received permission from Mussolini to go into exile provided they agreed not to engage in anti-Fascist propaganda. The world at large heard of only a few of these exiles, and perhaps there were no more than a few.

By temperament and training I dislike restrictions on intellectual freedom more than restrictions on any other sort of freedom. I detest them in any shape or form, official or unofficial, private or public. The present habit in certain quarters in this country of attacking writers who do not profess communist sentiments or adhere to the dialectic of materialism is just as much to be deplored as any other fanatic partisanship, and it has the added drawback of futility. In kind, if not in strength, there is not a pin's difference between the ravings of Dr. Goebbels and the ravings of some of our own intolerants — they are all against a man's saying what he believes to be just if it does not tally with the dogma of which they are the exponents.

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The Grandeur That Was Rome

Not many of the communist critics, however, will be able to find much to praise in Borgese's *Goliath*, outside of his arraignment of Mussolini, for Borgese is against the dialectic of materialism and the economic interpretation of history. Borgese, one of the intellectuals who suffered for his opinions in Italy, now an exile in America, has written a book which is amongst other things an impeachment of the founder of Fascism, and as such has been welcomed by anti-Fascists. This impeachment is probably sufficient to hold Borgese in exile for the rest of his life, but it is not sufficiently powerful to have made that sacrifice worth while: *Goliath* has no genuine lasting quality.

Italy has always been good on the literature of impeachment — Cicero against Cataline, Cicero against Verres were part of the studies of most of us. And Cicero, for Borgese, is part of the intellectual tradition of his country. Cicero is in his blood, and there is a good deal in his impeachment of Mussolini to remind us of the Cataline and Verrine orations. But Cicero was a man of the forum, while Borgese is a man of the study, the classroom, and the library, and his speculations, his indignations have the exaggeration that belongs to the study. Cicero, like other men of the forum, had to put up a convincing case for the public good; he knew the psychology of the public and consequently he never indulged himself in abstract denunciations of those he was impeaching. Cicero never could say, as Borgese solemnly says of Mussolini, "What happened to him and what he happened to do were only an allegory of his solipsistic soul," or, "He had proved inadequate to the solitary effort, the ascetic challenge of the real anarchist as he had been inferior to the tortured self-sufficiency of the real artist." Both of these analyses are unmeaning in the world of actuality.

Then there is an overtone of snobbery in Borgese's denunciations — a form of snobbery not uncommon in the old-fashioned liberal. He believes Mussolini really an anarchist. But he convinces us somehow that the anarchist is being looked down on not by a law-abiding citizen but by the academician of good social standing, and when he pours scorn on Mussolini's self-made culture we feel the condescension of the academic mind. There is a way of condemning dictators: it has to be very subtle or very direct. Borgese, for all his philosophical display, is not subtle, and he is too egoistic to be direct. The Goliath of the Bible was knocked out with a small pebble; it is a good symbol for subtlety and directness. It is best for the Children of Light to search carefully in the brook for the pebble and to aim well.

All this is not to say but that *Goliath* is a book well worth reading, if the reader can have patience with the laborious Italianate English in which the author has written it. It is a contribution to the literature of exile, full of nostalgia and the sense of lost opportunity, as well as of the heartsickness and bitterness that forced exile is likely to produce. It has, too, that insight into the past of their country and its national character that exiles often in their loneliness attain to. The section on the *Risorgimento* has all this insight and is really the best part of *Goliath*.

Noticeably enough, Borgese's criticism of Machiavelli is more convincing than his criticism of Dante, though he gives Dante the role of the inventor of modern Italy. Small countries are often made by their writers. For Borgese, Italy is a state of modest size invented by Dante and a state who ought to have limited herself to being a modest liberal country cut off from the memory of the Roman Empire. Very likely Dante was responsible for keeping alive the dream of the Empire — *Look back on the seed ye came from* is a line of the Divine Comedy often quoted in modern Italy, and its author may have done some national damage. But if writers can put nations on the wrong track as, according to Borgese, Dante did and d'Annunzio did in our own time, is it not possible that another writer, G. A. Borgese, may also do a little harm by his thesis that the best destiny for Italians will be to cut themselves off wholly from all memory of Rome?

Few people with literary sense will be with Borgese when he makes the statement that Dante wrote his epic in Italian instead of Latin because he did not want to go into competition with Vergil. When he tells us solemnly that "there is no logical or philological solution of the problem concerning Dante's choice of the language of the poem," we wonder if he knows he is talking nonsense. Latin, to be sure, was written by the learned in Dante's day, but it had ceased to be the spoken language, and

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Dante naturally chose for his creation what he himself styled the "illustrious, cardinal, courtly and curial language of Italy." It was alive, it was the language of the woman in the house, the man in the market place, the people in their daily living; and it was natural for a man of genius to choose it as a literary medium.

For Present Discontents

Out of a far higher type of mind come *The Unity of Philosophical Experience* and the pamphlet, *Medieval Universalism and Its Present Value*, by Etienne Gilson, one of the profound thinkers of our generation. The first is made up of the addresses he delivered in the William James Lectureship at Harvard; the other is a reprint of an illuminating speech at the Harvard Tercentenary, which was given much space in the press at that time. To habitués of the radio, philosophy, even philosophy written with the clarity of a French scholar, is not easy reading. *The Unity of Philosophical Experience* requires an effort of mind and a knowledge of more than a few technical philosophical terms. Still, even without this knowledge one can read *Medieval Universalism* with profit and hope, and the same type of reader with a certain concentration can get a great deal out of *The Unity of Philosophical Experience*.

Gilson's cure for present-day discontents is a return to universalism, the universalism of the medieval and the Greek worlds, which was not uniformity but unity, the sense of things being whole. If only philosophers, scientists, and artists would make up their minds to teach, in and out of season, that truth, morality, social justice, and beauty are necessary and universal in their own right, Gilson maintains, it would again become known that there is a spiritual order of reality whose absolute right, among other things, is to judge the state and eventually free us from oppression. These universals — this universalism — would be not conformity but unity, the unity of mankind, and adherence to them would be a safeguard against the mental slavery to which mankind is being subjected by the totalitarian states. To achieve this unity we have to appeal to the reason, for there is no unifying force above reason, and what is rationally true is universally true.

But how, one may ask Professor Gilson, can this unity be achieved in a world given over to irrationalisms of which the persecution of the Jews is only one instance (virulent nationalisms and deifications of the state are others, and we may hope that some of the present uproar in the world may be but the violent death agonies of political nationalisms)?

What is noteworthy about Gilson as a philosopher in these times is that he is an outstanding thinker who is at the same time a religious man, a believer in the traditional Christian faith. Like Thomas Aquinas, he begs professors of philosophy never to attempt to prove a philosophic truth by having recourse to revelation, for philosophy is based not on revelation but on reason and, if one tries to base it on authority, he destroys it. Gilson likewise begs theologians never to try to prove an article of faith by rational demonstration, for faith is not based on reason.

The Unity of Philosophical Experience is not an apt title for Professor Gilson's volume, though it may be said to sum up his theme — the attempts of the Western mind to deal with the problems of reality. It is onerous for the human mind to grasp more than a portion of the truth; it is still harder to *discover* more than a portion of the truth. Since the medieval period, according to Professor Gilson, practically all attempts to comprehend reality have led to skepticism; philosophy frequently ceased to be a rational discipline and became a private and irresponsible mental adventure, the sort of adventure that may make good literature but bad philosophy or science. The skepticism arrived at was not the sort that makes us discount God, freedom, and immortality but the sort that led thinkers to doubt the reality of external nature and the validity of the processes of the mind. When this sort of dead end has been reached, a new philosopher makes a fresh start, and again, his conception of truth being only partial, he creates a ferment in human thought which reaches the stage of skepticism once more. This has happened over and over again in the history of European philosophy. It should be remarked that dead ends are also reached in literature over and over again.

But, if the celebrated philosophical minds of our tradition have been so limited, who were the really comprehensive ones? All philosophical knowledge, Gilson contends, ultimately depends on metaphysics, and the three greatest metaphysicians who ever existed, he declares,

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were Plato, Aristotle, and Aquinas. So it may be assumed that these came nearest to apprehending universal truth. But their ambition was not to erect systems but to maintain and serve philosophy in their own times. As we read *The Unity of Philosophical Experience* a great drama unfolds for us, the drama of the human mind in its effort to grasp reality and to make a revelation about it.

The Human Dream

Æ's The Living Torch is by one who was a seer rather than a philosopher and who, because he was a seer, sometimes achieved a vision and a statement above anything a philosopher or a critic can say. Like other seers he relies on our intuition to grasp what he is saying:

> There is a spirit latent in us all which believes that somewhere or somehow all its desires will be met, all that seemed impossible — the impregnable walls will be stormed, the immutable towers will melt and will be our brothers and our hearts' kin. Each book which convinces us for the moment of the impossible gives life to the spirit.

Why Hegel's dialectic and Karl Marx's dialectic are so dominating in the world today is illumined for us by a single aphorism.

> Revolution comes less because of ideas than because of circumstance. If circumstance is bad there are always enough ideas to cause a revolution.

The Living Torch is made up of papers that were, for the greater part, never meant for book publication; surprisingly, it is Æ's best prose book. The editor, Monk Gibbon, gathers the contents from editorials written by Æ for his weekly review, and they have the indeliberateness of subject that goes with constant editorial work — indeliberateness of subject but not of thought or of phrase; for all that Æ gave to the world came out of the depth of his being, and his phrasing was always noble.

What made Æ such a figure in the world was not simply his talent as a writer; it was his deep and magnanimous personality, his interest in his fellows, his concern for the welfare of humanity. Those who did not know him in the flesh will get an impression of the actual, everyday man from *The Living Torch*, for these paragraphs and essays on such a wide range of subjects — literature, painting, philosophy, politics, economics, men and women — are exactly like his talk. He writes:

> Human kindness is the indispensable element in society. Where it exists autocracies, aristocracies, oligarchies and democracies may endure. Once it ceases to prevade a civilization, that civilization begins to break up.

Here we are in touch with a deep human wisdom — the success of any system depends on human nature, on whether people are kind to each other or not, and today when we are having so many systems thrust upon us it is good to turn to this human wisdom. And Æ's wisdom brings us back again to the wisdom of Professor Gilson, who said:

> Man is not a mind that thinks, but a being that knows other beings are true, who loves them as good and who enjoys them as beautiful.

A Literary Phase Completed

After these two books we abruptly reach a lower level in Sinclair Lewis' *The Prodigal Parents*, a novel which will have been widely discussed before this article achieves print. But how, apart from these discussions about communism and the Younger Generation, does *The Prodigal Parents* stand up as a novel of these times? Not very well. Of invention, character, distinction in writing there is not much, for all such distinctions come out of a mentality that is not Sinclair Lewis' kind. They can come out of only a mentality that broods on life and humanity, and Sinclair Lewis' is not a brooding mind; his talents revolve around a unique power of observation; so also do his defects. But he has a power of showing men and women in their "humours," a peculiarly American power, that which makes the art of our caricaturists and comic-strip illustrators so alive and entertaining. He takes the stay-at-home, job-loving Fred Cornplow and shows him trying to get away from being stay-at-home and job-loving and shows that the more he changes the more he is the same Triumph Agency owner.

The result is enjoyable, for Sinclair Lewis has gusto (though not always and not in the case of every one of his characters), and this gusto carries us along. He has made his great success by depicting familiar American types. His Babbitts, his Arrowsmiths, his Elmer Gantrys, his Dodsworths were both familiar and comic figures to Americans and at the same time strange types to his European readers. Like the European realists, he dealt with recognizable episodes in the life of the everyday man.

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But the everyday man, maybe, has now been done to death, and we have a yearning to get back to the sort of literature that lets us into wide and strange places. The problems Sinclair Lewis deals with in his books have now been taken over by the magazine writers, and there is no sense of discovery in this book as there was in his earlier novels.

Women in the Arts

Like Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck will not earn as much praise for her latest novel as for her previous books. She is not, in *This Proud Heart*, up to her best level; there is not much character creation in it, for it is really a discussion in fictional form, rather than a novel. But it is full of interest and has revealing lights.

The woman sculptor in this book first makes a marriage for affection and children, then, as a widow, marries again for passionate love, an obsessing love. She achieves the two sorts of experience which the author considers essential for a woman's full development, and, in addition to these, because of her artistic gifts, desires the outlet of expression in art. She manages to attain it.

Now an artist is a notoriously difficult character to present in literary form because it is not easy to make a narrative out of those interior states which make up an artist's talent and which, by making up his talent, make up his life. Pearl Buck is aware of all the qualities that go to make an artist; she is acutely aware of the problems of the woman artist, of the strains on her in different degrees, some of which, it seems to me, are stated in this book for the first time.

The question becomes inevitable in the course of Susan Gaylord's career: Is she going to have the same chances for achievement and recognition in the world that a man has? The man sculptor who is her friend and teacher tells her:

> You are damned the day you are born a woman — that is, if you do anything to compete with men . . . it's all bosh about there being any equality. . . . If she's good, she makes the men rage — they're jealous enough of each other, but for a woman to rival them — it's sheer impertinence.

This is the opinion of the heroine of *This Proud Heart*, and it may be the author's. There is much truth in it. But what I have found to be the experience of a few first-class women artists in literature and painting is that the men at the top give a woman a fair chance; it is the men below her in talent and achievement who show an ugly sort of jealousy and unscrupulousness. (At the top, of course, there is really not much reason for jealousy, because at the top everybody's talent is unique.)

Pearl Buck has dealt with Susan Gaylord's problems authentically and has succeeded in showing that every experience of an artist — and this is where an artist's interior life differs from that of the ordinary person — is, in spite of surface changes, a lasting one. She manages to show also that one can be a considerable artist without much everyday intelligence: her Susan Gaylord is frequently described by those who know her as stupid. In spite of its drawbacks as a novel — and these are many — *This Proud Heart* is a thought-provoking book.

In an early issue:

"Food, *Food*, FOOD!"

by Ford Madox Ford

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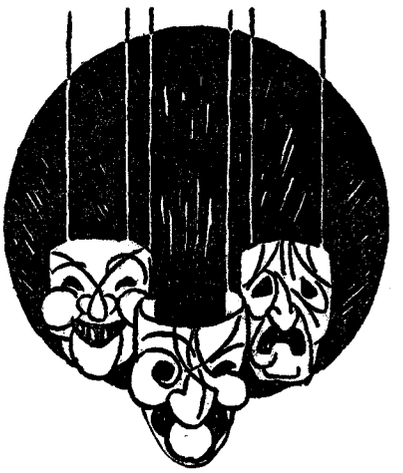
The Theater Forum



The "Dialectics" of Revival

In a period like our own, when there are many more actors of ability than good new plays that producers can favor, the art of revival assumes special importance. The most impressive event of the New York season prior to the production of Steinbeck's naturalistic drama, *Of Mice and Men*, was the Mercury Theatre's *Julius Caesar*, and few of the more recent plays met with so rhapsodic a reception as the same organization's *Shoemakers' Holiday*. As a matter of record, the triumph of the Mercury, which has overshadowed every other theater, has been based entirely on revivals — *The Cradle Will Rock* having been a legacy from the Federal Theatre. Other young organizations have followed suit. The Federal Theatre in this city, hitherto active in promoting new plays, has not produced a single discovery since last summer, while among commercial producers, whose output has been favoring farce and musical comedy, Jed Harris recently started his season with Ibsen.

The treatment of older plays, moreover, is subject to the same conditions as the launching of original work and reveals the same tendencies. Contemporary playwrights are bedeviled by problems of orientation that cause them to alternate between prosaic sociology and Andersonian confusions — that is, when they are not busy surrendering body and soul to trivia. Contemporary revivals oscillate between social italics and mere theatricality. *Julius Caesar* is the supreme example of the former method, *Anthony and Cleopatra* of the latter. Signal success came to *Julius Caesar* because the adaptation and the production possessed singleness of purpose, immediacy, and poetic illumination. The two latest revivals, *The Shoemakers' Holiday* and *A Doll's House*, which encountered more intractable material than Shakespeare's historical tragedy, exemplify the conflict of tendencies most instructively. The democratic *élan* of Thomas Dekker's Elizabethan comedy is more easily translated into robust farce than socially purposeful drama. The thinness of the material which Orson Welles extracted from an essentially romantic story in the interests of contemporary significance called for more buffoonery and obvious theatricality in the production than *The Shoemakers' Holiday* should possess. The revival proved sufficiently hearty and entertaining to evoke plaudits, but it is neither effortless in its humor nor rounded in its romance.

A Doll's House cannot rest very firmly on its central idea of feminist emancipation. It is surely no secret that Ibsen's argument is no longer as fresh as it was when Nora first walked out into the allegedly real world with colors flying. In so far as the social issue intrudes itself into the Jed Harris revival, it is papier-mâché, and Miss Ruth Gordon's characterization of the liberated housewife falls short of the hardy Norwegian's original purpose. The revival of the play consequently affords it little, if any, significance. *A Doll's House* becomes a beautifully invested showpiece, with Miss Gordon giving a remarkable virtuoso performance unequaled in several seasons.

Both of our latest major revivals are seen to be products of a compromise dictated by the claims of rival orientations. If we were less

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socially minded, *The Shoemakers' Holiday* would have been presented as a diversified romantic drama, and Ibsen's play would not have been revived at all or would have been presented, possibly, as a comedy! (How easily it could lend itself to comedy surely no one who has seen Miss Gordon's performance can fail to see.) If, on the contrary, the age were really completely bent on what *Pins and Needles* calls "social significance," *A Doll's House* would have been treated single-mindedly as social drama. It would have been interpreted in the light of the still unsolved problems of the women of our time; at least the effort would have been made, and the characterization of Nora would have been materially different from Miss Gordon's evocation of a kewpie doll.

Factual Theater and the Past

The single-minded "living newspaper" project of the Federal Theatre is perhaps the ultimate precipitate of our prevalent social consciousness, which is reformist in nature, as its latest production, *One Third of a Nation*, demonstrates. This drama of urban housing conditions is a powerful lesson for everyone interested in amelioration of conditions. Since it comes closest to the *Zeitgeist* of the country, it possesses both immediacy and vitality. But unavoidably this form of theater has had to compromise between the unified emotion of drama and the factual diffuseness of a treatise. The "living newspaper" is necessarily a hybrid art such as frequently prevails in a transitional era; when diverse or opposite interests claim the artist, he is bound to reveal a split personality in his work.

Responding to the task of amalgamating sociology and art without abating the former, the "living newspaper" unit has created a stirring social document in *One Third of a Nation* by resorting to the devices of a variety show built around a central idea. Astutely, the exposition is presented with an abundance of Hoosier humor, while the emotions are mobilized by poignant vignettes of cholera-infested and crime-breeding slums. Played against Howard Bay's ominous permanent set of a tenement, the story and the argument possess the relative unity of a mass drama.

There is little doubt, however, that its factual matters resist the dramatic form; they cause *One Third of a Nation* to lapse into repetition and uninspired blackboard demonstration. Two possibilities loom on the horizon: Either the "living newspaper" form must remain content with its dramatic limitations, which include a megaphonic voice that lacks living personality, or the form, the most native that we have developed thus far, may undergo sufficient evolution to be capable of keeping its facts in complete and dramatic solution.

The remaining recent plays exemplify the opposite trend of flight to a more congenial world, generally in the past. Since the retreat is not philosophically grounded in a view of the past that is more than glamorous or indolently congenial, plays of this order have been fairly pointless or at best pleasantly congenial.

An abortive attempt to recapture a specious glamor was *Yr. Obedient Husband*, which took Richard Steele and his eighteenth century for its moderately amusing but essentially pointless comedy of manners.

Similarly, the return of *Western Waters* to an early American background wavered between legend and history to no purpose other than a farrago of intrigue and Rabelaisianism.

All That Glitters was contemporary comedy of manners and was consequently pointed, but it creaked with antiquated devices. Like so many other recent comedies, it faced the present but kept its weather eye on the receding trail of irrelevant prankishness.

Only the nostalgic humors of Ian Hay's English comedy, *Bachelor Born*, proved moderately rewarding. And this was because its picture of an English schoolmaster and his old-fashioned milieu somehow touches that common denominator of humanity that alone furnishes a basis for a return to the past. In returning to past humanity we do not retreat; perhaps we even advance.

Still more universal was Priestly's nostalgia for vanished or vanishing happiness in *Time and the Conways*. But it was the dread of the future, expressed in a powerful second act, that alone translated itself into drama, since the cackling happiness of the play was as banal as most looking backward. The truth is that our generation cannot even retreat effectively, since it has found nothing durable and fulfilling to which to return.

John W. Gassner

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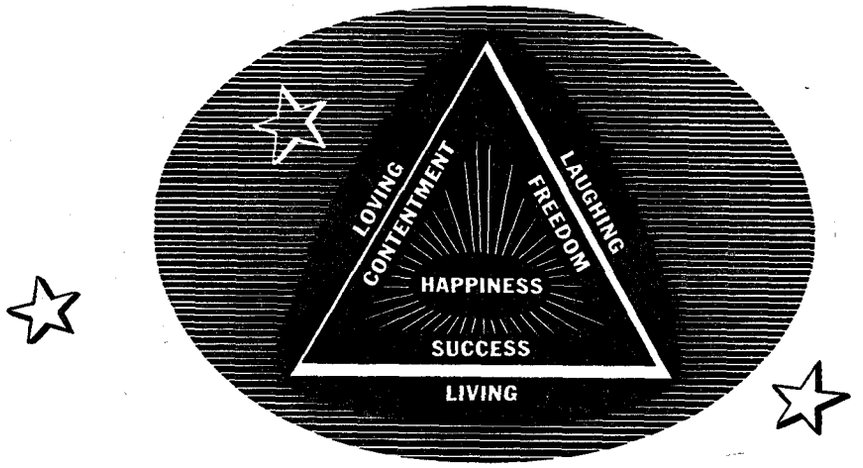
Problems In Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

Which should come first—a man's business or his home life?

There are more than 26,000,000 wives in the United States. Under present conditions only 1,000,000 of them are gainfully employed. Twenty-five million women, therefore, face this problem: How much attention can I expect from my husband and how much of him must I surrender to his business?

More than 90 per cent of the wives who have written or talked to me are at present dissatisfied with the answers they must make to these questions. There can be little doubt that the average American husband devotes too much of himself to money-making. A survey I am conducting shows, thus far, that 81 per cent of all wife-supporting husbands put 75 per cent of themselves into their work. They give 17 per cent of their vital energies to amusements of various sorts, 3 per cent to routine activities with little emotional significance, and 5 per cent to loving their wives and children.

This is a dangerous state of affairs, as the growing numbers of divorces at Reno and other marital exchange centers indicate. But statistics do not measure the extent of humanity's loss in living. Home is the only possible happiness center. If husbands and wives are growing apart because of man's excessive concentration on business and woman's resentment at his foreign fixation of interest, something drastic must be done to bring this situation back to normalcy.

Mrs. Loretta T writes:

> I love my husband deeply. He and I used to be close companions. We are both college graduates, and we once had so much in common intellectually. But now he leaves home at 8 o'clock in the morning and he works until 8 or 9 at night. Must I love, not only Jack but his sales slips and production costs? They are becoming increasingly a part of him and nothing I can do makes me more important than that blankety blank office. I have tried cajoling and I have tried nagging. But nothing seems to bring back our old companionship.

One thing will not bring it back, assuredly — nagging. Nagging never yet made a husband crave his wife's society. If a woman disagreeably combats her husband's interest in business, makes disparaging remarks about it, "runs down" his boss, his company, and the salary he receives (which seems to a loyal wife ridiculously small), she is only raising the barrier between them a little higher. If she nags and scolds because she is left alone too much she is simply forcing his attention back to his business as a means of escape from her own unpleasant self. She is arousing her husband's stubbornness, his resentment, his feeling that "women don't understand." She is building up antagonism in the man who has to earn her living, which makes doubly difficult the very thing she is trying to do — induce him to devote more of himself to her.

Here is a typical husband's reaction to that type of treatment. James Carson is a man whose chief interest in college was ancient philosophy. Now he is a sales manager, a long leap

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into commercialism which he undertook, his wife admits, for her sake. Carson told me:

> Nan drives me crazy. She's a grand girl — I'd do anything for her. I *am* doing everything for her. But, Lord, man, I can't switch off from business the minute I get home. I have to plan the next day's work. I have to dope out territories for my salesmen. And my wife raises hell. There's no other word for it. I could stay at the office evenings, but she might get to thinking it was something else besides business. She says she appreciates my doing my overtime work at home. But if the way she carries on is her idea of appreciation I can't imagine what her disapproval would be.

Nan Carson craves attention — every woman does. But she enjoys money, too, and good clothes and the long trips she takes with her husband when his employer pays both their expenses. What many wives fail to realize is the plain fact that a man *has* to put business first, in the present pressure of economic competition, if he hopes to succeed. It is too bad, of course. This isn't an ideal world. Women might map out a civilization where love comes first and money-making afterward. But they would have to be different women from those who now complain about their husbands' overattention to business. A supported wife can't have her husband and eat him too. Her opportunity for a protective home life depends on the profits of his business concentration. Only girls who can truly be satisfied with love in a cottage should marry penniless romanticists, and even they should plan to sell art work on the side to pay taxes and buy oatmeal.

This department, designed to be a regular* FORUM *feature, will be, so to speak, Dr. Marston's long-range consulting room. Readers are invited to tell him their troubles, their problems, and their opinions. He will read every genuine, sincere letter sent to him; and, while it will not be possible for him to answer all letters individually, what readers have to say to him will influence the subsequent discussions in these columns, as he will try to select for analysis each month the subject over which most readers seem currently concerned. And, if there is no personal problem about which you would like to ask Dr. Marston's advice, perhaps you will have something — an opinion, a bit of experience — to contribute now and then for the benefit of other readers.

A good many girls who imagine that they will be entirely satisfied with love and short worldly rations discover later that they were mistaken. Life then becomes a tragedy for all concerned, not because the husband pays too much attention to business but because he does not pay enough.

At the age of 52, Dora M's husband is still making $40 a week. It is the great sorrow of his life that he cannot give his wife and youngsters a fine home, smart clothes, excellent schools, and good social standing. Dora and her children are more than a little ashamed of their devoted husband and father. They want the things he can't give them because he has given them himself. M is a fine fellow, a beautiful character. But he is in the wrong world and he is married to a woman who thinks this world is the right one. Any man who hopes to give his wife a handsome slice of worldly satisfaction must think first about himself and his career.

II

WOMEN WANT love, but they want also the material satisfactions of life and they want men to procure these satisfactions for them. It is the selfishness of human nature that is wrong — something which must be taken as a fact and to which the individual must adapt himself.

My emotional measurements of men and women show that both sexes are definitely selfish. Men's reactions reveal 18 per cent more self-seeking emotion than love response. Women have a better balance, but still their selfish reactions outweigh their love response by 8 per cent. In the ordinary course of things, the husband uses his 18-per-cent margin of selfishness to obtain material benefits for himself and his wife. The wife must realize that her 8-per-cent preponderance of selfish desire craves the protection and comfort of her home life, which her husband's greater self-seeking has obtained for her and which she could procure in no other way. This leaves her woman's longing for love partially unfulfilled. But it is the best balance which can be struck until human nature changes.

The problem of home happiness need not go unsolved, however, while men and women regenerate their characters. If both have a self-

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ish balance, it means merely that the marital adjustment sought must permit each member of the partnership as much of what he desires as possible, with a minimum of interference from the desires of the other partner. To this end it seems obvious that each must understand the other's primary interest sympathetically, helpfully. If the wife is concentrating on home and children and her husband on business, it will surely pay both of them happiness dividends to share each other's mental and emotional worlds. And, since they both require change and relaxation from their favorite pursuits, they should together seek recreation which differs entertainingly from the major activities of either.

These are the three simple principles, then, for solving the wife-versus-business problem: Let the wife interest herself in business and share its labors and its rewards with her husband whenever and however possible. Let the husband interest himself in domestic affairs and without fail participate in the work which is traditionally woman's. And let both of them cultivate together a field of recreation which is neither housework nor business and thereby laugh themselves deeper in love.

III

THE APPLICATIONS of these three marital rules are too multitudinous for the present limited space. Here are a few that worked effectively. I should be interested to know of readers' experiences.

I have in my files more than 1,000 cases of wives who shared the money-earning burden by helping in their husbands' work: girls who typed their husbands' manuscripts, law papers, business reports; women who tended a husband's store, managed his office, made out his professional bills, kept his accounts, supplied him with practical business ideas, made social contacts for him, won clients, did research.

The interesting point about these cases is that in all but four of them marital happiness was far above the average. In three of the four exceptions the husband strayed from the fold *after* achieving success. In one case the wife gave too much in social seeking, originally for her husband's sake.

I have cases of wives who took jobs, full-time or part-time, permanent or temporary, to tide over emergencies and give their husbands a helping hand. There are cases of women who did independent work at home — writing, designing, sewing, drawing, music teaching, farm management. Not surprisingly, every one of these women has achieved a happy marriage.

And then come the wives who have reunited themselves mentally with bored husbands by learning to think their language — a detective-story writer's wife who learned to read the ghastly mysteries she abhorred in order to discuss plots with the man she loved; a bank clerk's wife who studied the investment market to play imaginary margins and so keep her husband from gambling (she always lost, theoretically he won); and a real-estate agent's wife who informed herself quite amazingly about land values.

This isn't a man's consultation hour. I shall pass by the cases of men who learned to enjoy children and housework, interesting and important though they are. And I shall cite, in conclusion, some hobbies which permitted "tired businessmen" and "distraught home women" to laugh away their troubles.

One wife interested her husband in amateur movie making with a 16-mm. camera and thus saved their marriage from occupational estrangement. Another learned to swim and skate — her husband enjoyed tremendously his slight but gratifying margin of superiority. I know wives who share a critical interest in drama with their husbands; wives and husbands who enjoy dancing, psychology, badminton, tropical fish, jigsaw puzzles, writing stories, cooking, collecting streetcar transfers, furniture, and rare books.

What the hobby or amusement is doesn't matter in the least as long as husband and wife share it. Seventeen per cent of the average husband's vital energy is devoted to amusement. A wife misses her big opportunity if she doesn't share that portion of his life.

Wife versus business — need this issue ever arise? Not if both partners seek happiness. Enlightened selfishness forbids marital specialization beyond the limits of perfect harmony and mutual enjoyment of a jointly organized life. Live, *love*, laugh — together — and happiness will be found in union.

Next month: The wisdom of moderate drinking

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Death Is Not a Necessity

by **WILLIAM MARIAS MALISOFF**

I AM WILLING to say it quite plainly: Death is not a necessity. I am willing and eager to make such a statement right in the teeth of the potent fact that "all men are mortal" and that all men die, almost to the dot, on a schedule called a life table.

I hasten to remark that I have no intention of making a case for a vague sort of immortality on a vague sort of spiritual basis. In other words I am not going to do any artful dodging of the main issue — which is whether Mr. Blank will continue being, to his own satisfaction, the same Blank indefinitely as time speeds on. I am not going to shift the debate to the question whether something about Blank, variously called his soul or spirit or vital flame, will survive the decomposition of his body.

Someone will say: This ends the discussion — the body dies, and all future bodies will continue to die.

I propose to argue that it is not necessary for all future bodies to continue to die.

Ruling out accidents and disease (the struggle against which is still another issue), almost all will agree that the inescapable cause of death is aging. If we have escaped all other pitfalls, the fate that resides in *aging* is the one that will ultimately get us. One might say: All things die in the end because all things age. Philosophers, poets, and plain people have said it in a multitude of ways. Their message, if pessimistic, reduces to this grim formula: It is necessary to age.

I maintain, in opposition, that it is not necessary to age, that there may be a way of staying in a condition of comparative youth in spite of the passage of time.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL AGE

WHAT DO WE mean by the term *aging?* Everything hinges on getting this meaning straight.

The signs of aging are legion, and have been described in a great variety of ways. Instead of pages of symptoms and detailed descriptions of conditions, I propose to the reader the following experiment: With your right hand pinch a liberal amount of the skin on the back of your left hand. Raise it, stretch it. Let it snap back. *Snap* will not be the word for it when you are quite old. It will sag, slop back slowly. In extreme cases it will stay up like *old* parchment. But if you are very young it will snap back.

This symptom is the loss of elasticity of the tissues and of the skin. In describing it I have been partisan, for it is unavoidable to be biased in favor of one illustration or another. I have chosen the particular illustration because back in my mind is a conviction, built on experience, that aging changes are essentially of a physical and chemical character. I, as a chemist, therefore pick chemical illustrations.

Knowing my bias, however, I have also made a strong effort in the past to go beyond it. In particular, I have paid attention to what have been called the psychological changes. All the other changes, after all, can be lumped into one and labeled *physical.* The psychological to most minds seems different, quite different, and in distinct opposition to the physical. Psychological aging may be quite a different thing. But is it?

Most psychological signs I have been able to verify as genuine derive either directly or indirectly from the physical. It is the changes in the tissues and in the chemical composition of the body and its fluids that seem to take the lead. They lead in the sense that they take place quietly, before the victim becomes aware of them. At 25, the individual is obviously aging quite significantly in the physical sense, whereas he develops no significant mental depression till the age of 40 or more, when the

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physical aging has progressed so that one can no longer lie even to oneself about it. It is interesting to note that in medieval times, when life expectancy was much less, the psychic recognition of aging came much before the forties or fifties. Did not Dante find himself in a lightless forest containing no clear path at the age of 35?

It is at this point that one can say that something definitely psychic may accelerate the body breakdowns — because the recognition of the pending breakdowns helps to bring them on.

Says the celebrated Dr. Nascher, a geriatrician (specialist in the science of old age):

> This altered attitude toward life and self produces the changed temperament exhibited in egotism, selfishness, perverseness, stubbornness, peevishness, loss of ambition, sensitiveness to discomfitures, and occasionally intense religious feeling. Old age produces a psychic depression which may cause brooding melancholia.

One thing leads to another. There is a psychic chain as well as a physical one. The former, however, is never quite free from the latter.

In matters psychic the evidence is verbal with a material obbligato. Else how could we distinguish the psychic from the purely material at all? The material, let us say, has reached the psychic level when it can and does *talk*. That seems to be the reason why the psychologist, unable to test infinitesimal changes in man's baffling brain, resorts instead to mere talking with human brains residing in aging bodies.

One such psychologist, G. Stanley Hall, sent out a remarkable questionnaire to a few score distinguished aged people. Of interest to us is the fourteenth question: *Do you think or worry about dying or the hereafter more or less than formerly?*

The answers are admissions in one form or another that the thought of death haunted the individual but that everything in him was organized either to avoid or to counteract the thought. Diversion from the thought of death is sought by all means. The prevailing attitude is in general: One world at a time, and this one now; thought of the hereafter is a waste of energy.

Hall, of course, spoke only with survivors, since the curve of suicide has two crests, one in adolescence and the other in senescence. His correspondents on the whole, too, had mental attitudes one would expect of people who are interested in living and are bad candidates for an imagined *instinct of death*.

Hall himself is the extreme example of the physician who has succeeded in healing himself. He says:

> For myself I confess I even retain in old age some vestige of my strong childish desire to be a horse, lion, ape, dog, fish, and even insect; or, in a word, to know how the world looks from under the skull of our older brothers, the beasts. Still stronger is the wish to have lived as a troglodyte, Indian, to have been a fire-worshiper, a totemist, a woman, millionaire, tramp, or even a moron or a genius — if not, in some moods, to have experienced various insanities, and even diseases. But strangest of all is the wish that I could set back to happy childhood, even if it had to be with the smallest modicum of the experience I have acquired and try the game of life again.

The thought about death can thus become an instrument in the psychic opposition to death.

Add to this Freud's assertion that we cannot, indeed, imagine our own death, since whenever we try to do so we find that we survive ourselves as spectators. "In the unconscious, every one of us is convinced of his immortality." The result, then, is that the conscious and the unconscious both may strive for immortality. It is only the body that is recalcitrant, a *saboteur*, a wrecker of the fondest aspirations. The misfortunes that occur at its material level are primary even on psychological evidence as gathered by the most psychological of psychologists.

Research and More Research

I CAN RETURN, therefore, with renewed confidence to considerations of physics and chemistry and their complex sister science, biology. In the combined assault of the sciences what can we do to make the body go off schedule? The answer lies in diets, hormones, and drugs.

The willing bodies of white rats, rabbits, and both their lower and higher kinsmen have yielded to the attack. They have postponed the signs of aging under various treatments already. The claims run only from 10 to 50 per cent, because scientists treasure their reputations more than anything else in the world. If Sherman reports that either milk or certain vitamins increased the average life

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span of rats by 10 per cent, the chance is definitely 10,000 to 1 in favor of the result's being genuine. And so with the other investigators who have adjusted diets scientifically. They studiously avoid even the suspicion of exaggerated claims.

It is really amazing that so much should have been accomplished with such a complex problem as food. The success of the scientists was a verification under controlled conditions of age-long guesses by the more astute of the general run of observers. Similarly the connection urged between sexual potency and longevity is now being worked out. First one decreases life in order to find out how to increase it. Thus, that the active substances secreted by the ductless glands are all-important in aging is discovered by depriving the body of them. Remove the thyroids and you get an immediate picture of aging. A clue, is it not? And so one observes the bodily changes which correlate with aging — less rapid oxidation; deposition of a fatty substance, cholesterol, in the arteries and elsewhere; and similar changes. The deposition of the cholesterol in the aorta, the largest heart artery, above all seems to keep equal pace with aging. I know, for example, that I have not reached the ultimate in finding means for preventing the deposition of cholesterol but I do know that every such step forward helps remove a hoary superstition.

It is a delight also to report that for lower forms of life the results are decidedly more startling. Child's experiments on flatworms, balancing senescence and rejuvenescence by growth control, led to an increase in the life span which was 19-fold. And, as far as the unicellular organisms are concerned, their immortality is already a sort of platitude. The increasing tide of success with the more complex organisms is a direct result of greater knowledge and may reasonably be expected to rival the successes achieved with the simpler forms.

Powerful tools discovered by modern physics have also reached into the depths of living matter. X rays change heredity; cellular life is modified seriously by rays of matter and energy. And we still know so little of what is to be known!

I have been asked: Why should you be so optimistic about the general problem when in your own specific scientific reports you confine yourself scrupulously to the data, merely noting an effect without further comment? My answer is that here I am speaking in a special role as a philosopher and as a sociologist of science. I wish to counteract a vicious tendency. I refer to a common phenomenon in mankind's tortuous progress. Free inquiry is stifled either by force in various inquisitions, by indifference, or by blind superstitions that arise among the leaders of knowledge themselves.

The unwitting superstitions of the leaders concern me here. At one time "threescore and ten" as a life span decreed (by inner law or God) had something like scientific status. It was true "so far as known." Now, when one out of four outlives it, and soon, when one out of every two will outlive it on account of better conditions, it will be completely exploded. Every age must have its watchdogs who will point out the expanding horizons of knowledge. In the expansion, *complete inversions* are not uncommon. Even in so accurate a subject as mathematics, so simple a thing as the possibility of squaring a circle has undergone this inversion. In the system of Euclid, which employs only an unmarked straight edge and circles, it is impossible. By modern mathematics it *is* possible, and a Russian engineer has actually constructed an instrument as legitimate as the compasses for doing it. In one framework or context a thing is possible; in another it is impossible.

My point, then: Who dares to say that he knows the horizon or context of nature, as it is manifest in our respondent bodies? No one should dare such a blasphemy. I warn, therefore, science, scientists, and their lay well-wishers (whose support is absolutely necessary) away from the dogmatic blindness which says that bodies must live on their present-day schedule, that illness is necessary, and that death is a blessing. What dispensation is it that has revealed nature to them in her entirety? We have some posers for the overconfident, pessimistic dogmatists. We have loosened the fixity of the life span just a little. Tomorrow, if the forces of research unite and are amply supported by the billions which now go into destruction, it may turn out to be much. Let us try it bravely. The new horizons are richer than our very hopes.

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What It Costs To Be a FRENCHMAN

by **GEORGE REHM**

PÈRE MARTIN is a French peasant of shrewd Breton ancestry. He owns a house and garden near Paris, apart from his own home. Ten years ago he would have sold the house for 150,000 francs, a stiff price. Today he is willing to rent it but he steadfastly refuses to sell.

"What would I do with the money?" he asks belligerently, after working in somebody's garden for 2 francs 50 centimes (12 cents) an hour. "It becomes worthless if I put it in the sock. If I invest it I'll probably lose it. A house is a house, nom d'un chien."

His attitude is not unique in France. It is shared throughout the provinces and among the bourgeoisie. Despite a growing worker class, France is founded on her peasantry and middle class. With these two large sections of the public in accord with Père Martin, France's grave domestic difficulties are more easily understood. No country can be internally sound when popular confidence sinks to such low ebb.

His distrust cannot be ascribed to momentary panic. It has grown over a period of years. Faith in *la patrie* has been rudely shaken several times since the first flush of victory faded in 1919. Pre-War investments have shrunk to less than one fifth their original value, meaning that a prospective annual income of 10,000 francs is now 2,000 francs. The cost of living, after merely mounting steadily for years, soared last summer, so that these 2,000 francs do not buy even 1,000 francs' worth of goods. During this interval, political factions of every hue in the democratic spectrum have taken over government reins, but Père Martin has yet to persuade himself that any one group brought more than fleeting stability and prosperity to a democracy sorely in need of a firm guiding hand while recuperating from the war to save democracy. He detests dictatorship yet he feels that the sacrifices endured by Germans and Italians have not been in vain, since their countries are far stronger than they were immediately after the War. He will not deny that Soviet Russia appears to be forging a destiny, which is reward for sacrifice. He knows that the English have made sacrifices but he knows also that they enjoy at least a modicum of economic security.

His sacrifices, however, have brought naught but an insistent demand for greater sacrifices, with rosy promises unfulfilled and economic security more distant than ever. Increasing taxes, mounting living costs, an ever growing national debt — and decreasing security, with financial crises far more ominous than in 1926 when Poincaré came to the rescue.

Small wonder he feels little insult to his national pride when he finds scrawled on posts and hoardings the words *La France est fichue*

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(France is sunk). They may be the meaningless prank of boys or the distorted view of a defeatist, and in better times he would be amused by the accusation. Today he regards them glumly, finding no answer. Small wonder his eyes flash at spellbinders extolling *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, the shining device on the shield of democratic France when she sprang from the ashes of the Bastille. His liberty is more and more circumscribed, with equality open to painful question. As for fraternity — well, the Frenchman just never has been a fraternizer.

Liberty and equality seemed to take on new meaning two years ago when the political shuffle brought a Socialist card to the top, with Léon Blum, wealthy idealist and dilettante, as premier. That hope was short-lived. The lot of the industrial worker was improved as to pay and working hours but at crushing expense to the national treasury and to business. This was immediately reflected by higher living costs, more than offsetting the fatter pay envelopes. Now the worker wants another wage increase. French industry and business, already pawing the air, can support neither an additional burden in overhead nor prolonged strikes and enforced idleness.

Perhaps unwittingly, the worker is demonstrating what can occur if the queenly advice that started the French Revolution is taken literally. Demanding bread 150 years ago, the Paris rabble were told to eat cake. Today the French worker has been handed a slice of cake, and he likes it so well he has lost all taste for bread. Meanwhile the middle class and the peasantry, not benefited by labor decrees, are pondering just how plain bread is to be paid for.

Socialism, with frequent approval by the French Communist Party, has introduced reforms which in themselves are not to be criticized but which France, in her present state, cannot support. With unemployment close to zero, surplus labor is lacking to man extra shifts supplementing the lone crew of 40-hour-a-week workers. As a result, factories and plants are shut down 75 per cent of the time. On top of this, workers have slowed down production pace by approximately 20 per cent. In other words, production is about 18 per cent of capacity while industry supports increased wages, increased costs of material, and increased taxes.

The coal miner provides an illustration. Previous to the reforms, his pay depended on his daily output. Now he is paid a fixed wage, regardless of output. Quite naturally, he slackens down. But the upshot is that French coal is going to be scarce and expensive this winter, with imported anthracite headed for nearly $40 a ton.

Motoring a Luxury

Granted the most laudable aims, socialism nevertheless has tied a few more hobbles to a democracy already moving on a short leash. Blame for the shortness of the leash must be laid to factions in power preceding the Blum ministry. They gave no sign of understanding liberty and equality in the broad sense affecting the public as a whole.

Take the French motorist. The automobile industry, like various others, is protected by heavy import duties and quotas. The Frenchman, with an average income considerably below that in the so-called sister republic, the United States, must pay the equivalent of at least $1,000 for the cheapest full-sized French car, a machine which cannot compare for service and durability with the lowest priced American car. The latter, costing $600 here, sells in France for $1,700.

One reason for such formidable protection is that the automobile industry is a vital cog in the war machine. Lack of foreign competition, however, has not tended to improve the product. In fact, many a French owner of a mass-production car wonders if such nursing does not result in a motor mollycoddle demanding constant care.

This heavy initial expense is not lightened by the government levy of 60 per cent on gasoline, bringing the price of motor fuel to 60 cents a gallon. Avarice of this kind recognizes no limit.

Two years ago, the government discovered it possessed a large and increasing surplus of denatured alcohol. Experiments revealed that the volatile fluid could be mixed with gasoline and that a motor would function reasonably well on it. Automobile owners avoided the mixture when the secret was out. Stories were rife of overheated engines, cylinders scored from poor lubrication, even of alcohol eating through fuel tanks. Pure gasoline was demanded and obtained — at a higher price.

The alcohol surplus was not depleted as

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expected, and further experiments demonstrated that heavy-duty engines in trucks could run on a fuel containing 40 to 50 per cent alcohol. This stuff was sold as *poids lourds*, or truck gas, for about 35 cents a gallon. Motorists refused it until they learned that, with lubricating oil introduced into the fuel, the damage to an engine was not immediately alarming. A cold motor was slow to start; every driver experienced misgivings as to what might be happening to the innards of his machine, much as he might feel after feeding spoiled meat to his dog; but at least he could indulge once more in his beloved week-end trip to the country.

The cheap fuel quickly became popular. Gas-alcohol sales boomed. The government, one might imagine, would have been tickled pink, what with selling gasoline and denatured alcohol at tremendous profits. But avarice is never satisfied. Last winter, while the majority of cars were jacked up, the government used the same tactics with regard to the price of truck gas. In the spring this fuel rose to 45 cents a gallon, then to 50 cents, and, when the summer touring reached its peak, to 55 cents. Liberty takes the rap.

The government might defend such greed if it returned at least part of these large revenues to the motorist in the form of modern highways. But France is far behind Germany, Italy, and England in road building and repair, with scarcely a single national thoroughfare that can compare with the countless four-car concrete ribbons which unroll in every direction in this country. Moreover, many macadam roads in fair condition are being ripped to shreds by fleets of tanks and motorized units out for training purposes.

The automobile maker voices complaints from time to time, for the high cost of fuel and lack of good roads militate against expansion of his industry. He is quickly silenced by a reminder of the protection he enjoys.

Government coddling extends to other fields, and always the same objection presents itself. The man in the street pays dearly for an inferior product. Radios start at about $50, an exorbitant price, all things considered, but made possible by heavy duties and quotas imposed on foreign makes. Program broadcasting as a rule is execrable, though slowly improving. The motion-picture industry is comparable in many ways. And the same holds true for innumerable mechanical devices and appliances.

Sad State of the Press

The democratic state must uphold certain principles; otherwise the term is a misnomer. One of the foremost, as guarantee of liberty and equality, is freedom of the press. You must look closely to find it in France.

Primarily, there is the government fund, which once operated secretly but now is generally admitted. Some small papers could not survive without the monthly subsidy. Larger journals may be more independent financially, but they do not spurn the open coffer. The evils accruing therefrom are too obvious to recite. Without an assertion that silence on matters unfavorable to the government is offered at a price on every newspaper's counter, the cash is available for those who do want it. And these are in the majority in France, where advertising provides a comparatively negligible income.

Thus the Stavisky scandal was never probed to its depths. Government officials were involved, and public clamor rose to a shrill demand for sweeping investigation. The Chautemps ministry of that day was overthrown, to be followed by the Daladier ministry when popular fever produced the riots of February 6, 1934. Government rifles and sabers quelled the uprising; the press counseled calm, and public attention was diverted by other scareheads. The public was bilked out of 500,000,000

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francs (more than $25,000,000 at that time), then told to swallow a most fantastic story. Stavisky, according to the police, was found dead, a suicide, though how he shot himself through the left temple with a gun clutched in his right hand will never be explained. Nor will the "suicide" of Albert Prince, associate justice of the Paris court of appeals handling the Stavisky investigation. His mangled body was found on a railroad track after the Dijon-Lyons express had passed. He died while in possession of all the files relative to the swindle. The documents, of course, had disappeared when the body was found. Surely a free press would not have been satisfied in the face of such suspicious circumstances.

Aside from the governmental coffer, news columns in papers, as well as advertising, can be bought by the private individual. This works to the advantage of promoters of anything from quack medicine to a new bond issue, whether the promoter is French or foreign. Little if anything has been done to prevent a recurrence of such business as the sponsoring by French newspapers of loans to czarist Russia, before the War. That remunerative campaign ultimately extracted 3,000,000,000 gold francs ($600,000,000) from French sugar bowls and socks. The money added to the gaiety of the Russian imperial court, enlarged the army, and bolstered Nicholas II's courage to such a point that he made capital of the Sarajevo assassination in 1914, practically forcing the war issue, to put down the menacing military might of the Kaiser and to carve a Russian path to the Mediterranean. The debt, naturally, has been repudiated.

Finally, the munitions makers, perennial pets of every French government, control a number of newspapers; not exactly a healthy situation for a democracy in which war scares are so easily roused. While it is true the munitions factories have just been taken over by the government, there is little to indicate that the influence of the former directors has abated.

Treasury Claws

Governments which ignore the common weal in these manners would hardly be oversolicitous in others. Take the *régie*, the government control or monopoly. This prevails over wines and spirits; tobacco and matches; communications by post, telephone, and telegraph; with the entire railroad system and munitions more recently added. Let this be no brief for or against state monopolies. The ideal has its merits, if it functions for the benefit of the people. If not, it is not democratic, and one is privileged to quarrel.

France, with her North African possessions, is the largest wine-producing country in the world. She presses the finest wines in existence — and the most awful. While the government does not grow the grapes, its *régie* does demand a revenue from all wines and spirits. It also controls surpluses, and this assures price control. Wine at 15 cents a quart may not sound expensive in this country, but for the French family, with an average income of 1,200 francs a month, it is. Figured at a quart per day, almost minimum rations for a family, it means a monthly bill of nearly 100 francs, a respectable item.

Wine at this price is about the cheapest that is drinkable. Those with less rugged palates must double and triple the sum to obtain even a tolerable beverage. The cheap wines have deteriorated steadily in quality and of late have acquired a strangely chemical flavor quite foreign to any grape known to horticulture. Rumors of wine made synthetically may be unfounded, but suspicions are not without cause.

The tobacco *régie* draws sharper criticism. Sons of the Gallic republic are inveterate smokers, but their acquaintance with good tobacco is imaginary. The term *noxious weed* must have had its origin in France. Monopoly cigarettes cost up from 12 cents a package of 20. The paper tubes, inclined to become ungummed once the package is opened, are filled with a brownish-gray mixture of leaf, dust, and stems which may or may not come from the tobacco plant. Carried loosely, the filling sifts out of the paper. The tobacco has an aversion to burning, emitting harsh smoke when puffed with energy. A package which has been crushed in shipping or which reveals a flourishing

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growth of mold when opened is not exchangeable. The tobacconist merely shrugs unsympathetic shoulders. Pipe tobacco is sold in a cube packet costing a dime. It is called *gris* (gray) and is — cadaverously.

The *régie* imitates popular American cigarettes. The latter sell in France for 33 cents, providing a handsome revenue per package for the government, whereas the French substitutes retail for approximately 20 cents. They are a gasping rather than a howling success. Select tobacco is found only in imported cigarettes costing up to $1 for 20. Fairly good pipe tobacco is imported and, accordingly, is also expensive.

Régie cigars start at about 8 cents, and are graded up to an 18-cent level. The cheapest would not sell here at all, and the best would not attract many nickel customers. The first trace of Havana tobacco is met with in a cigar retailing for 30 cents. A real Havana panatela costs upwards of $1.

Loss of revenue must be a nightmare to the tobacco *régie*. Otherwise how explain the restriction that requires a government permit for every flowering tobacco plant set out in one's private garden, purely for ornament?

A monopoly on tobacco that is averse to burning hints at connivance with a match monopoly. And when the matches are prone to pyrotechnics when struck, with wood so fibrous that it fails to ignite, the monopolistic scheme achieves some kind of pinnacle. Unless you stop smoking.

There is the lighter, of course, although it does not escape without the *régie* revenue stamp. During the war the French poilu lived in the mud so much he could not keep matches dry. In spare time he made *briquets*, or lighters, out of odd bits of copper and brass salvaged from exploded shells. He brought them back from the front, and the state match trade fell off alarmingly. The ex-soldier now is subject to heavy fine if caught using a homemade lighter minus the *régie* stamp. Such is monopoly in democratic France.

Perhaps these restrictions on freedom are of minor importance. They can be avoided by turning teetotaler and joining the anticigarette league, though no one can imagine such movements making great headway in France. Perhaps they are trivial, along with antiquated sanitary equipment, butcher shops with meat hung in the open amid clouds of dust, and laxity in the handling of milk. Just as it may be hardly worth while to mention rattling buses that jolt over cobblestone pavements (once trod by Napoleon's soldiers and even the cavaliers of Louis XIV) or subway trains jammed to the stifling point during rush hours and taking nearly an hour to cross the city.

Trivial or no, they do not reveal that awareness to progress which modern governments should exhibit. No more does an identity-card system which keeps the hand of the law on the respectable man's collar and is an imposition on tourists, while placing scant check on criminals and spies, French or foreign. And perhaps there is no reason to question the democratic doctrine involved when the Republic's youth doing compulsory military service is fed horse meat and beans and lives in unheated barracks all winter. Let it be added in haste that this situation has improved markedly during the past two years as the danger of a European war became more imminent and it was deemed wise to lift army morale as high as possible.

Medieval Housing

Pass on to other problems which democratic France has yet to solve. Housing and rents, for example. Immediately after the War, rents skyrocketed as landlords sought to keep pace with the cheaper franc and also to recoup on nearly five war years when rents could not be collected. Control was necessary, admittedly, and maximums favoring the tenant were fixed for pre-War, middle-class, and cheaper apartments. The tenant received another titbit more than a year ago when the Blum government ordered a blanket decrease of ten per cent in residential rents.

Outwardly, this is all to the advantage of the lessee, but the fallacy is becoming more and more apparent. Construction costs have climbed since the War, and the building flurry that followed 1918 was not long in subsiding. Prices became virtually prohibitive a few years ago. Half-finished structures still stand in Paris, with rain and wind undoing what work had been accomplished before capital gave out. New building has been almost at a standstill for five years. Note also the repeated delays in completing Paris exposition buildings last spring. Men who found work on those projects,

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at top-scale wages, were loath to hasten the end of jobs the like of which might not be found again. The workers sought to protect themselves by demanding a government grant of 10,000,000,000 francs for a public-works program after the exposition was completed, but even the lavish-handed Blum dared not accede.

Lacking new apartments or finding these too expensive, in as much as they, being of post-War construction, are not affected by the rent decrees, the Parisian has been forced to content himself with old buildings, some dating from the Dark Ages. The landlord refuses to modernize them. He says he can't afford to, in view of his revenue in rent, and the assertion is by no means an empty one. In an effort to check deterioration of property through lack of repairs, landlords asked a few months ago that Blum's ten-per-cent rent cut be restored, the money to be devoted entirely to repairs and modernization. The request was denied.

French buildings are made to endure. It will be many decades before they begin to crumble, repaired or not. But this is a mechanized age. Creature comforts, all modern aids for the home, should be available to the most modest purse. And, if democratic France is keeping step with modern trends, her citizens should enjoy modern comforts. They seldom do.

Turn an inquisitive eye to the bathroom and kitchen in the average middle-class apartment in Paris. If there is a bath, it almost inevitably will be of tin or the cheapest enameled iron. Water will be heated by a gas contrivance which booms and flares alarmingly and is so expensive that half a tubful of really hot water costs about 20 cents. The toilet may be in the same room, or it may be off the landing, outside the entrance door, and used by everybody on the floor.

Go to the kitchen. It will be gloomy at high noon, with the one small window painted, for privacy's sake. The sink will be a stone block shallowly hollowed out, so the water splashes all over the kitchen when the faucet knob is held down, as it must be for a steady flow. An old coal range afflicted with flue trouble will fill one end of the kitchen, but as a sop to modernity a two-burner gas plate is usually installed. Gas is as high in price as its pressure is feeble. A normal amount of cooking and a chary attitude toward baths will keep the monthly bill as low as $10. It can go much higher. There will be no icebox. Ice is not delivered to homes in Paris. Electric ranges and refrigerators are luxuries which only the wealthy can afford. They are expensive to buy; and, if one should attempt to cook, refrigerate, wash and iron clothes, and use a vacuum cleaner, all by electricity, the monthly bill would hit astronomical figures.

Privileged and Underprivileged

In a democracy where the average income is in the lower brackets, there may be justification for taxing incomes down to $500 for single persons and $750 for heads of families, with deductions allowed for each child. But those imposts should be collected impartially. Every Frenchman is a tax dodger by instinct, regarding his privy purse as extremely privy. Tax evasion is a thrilling game of little risk. The worst the government can do is seize your belongings, and this seizure can be halted at the last moment by paying up. Some persons, however, are more expert — or more influential — than others.

Among these is the farmer. France is more than 70 per cent agricultural. The farmer is not one to overlook his importance to the nation as a producer and his influence as a voter. On both counts he is virtually unassailable. The men he sends to parliament can be relied on to protect him, and when he demands governmental assistance he is not long in getting it. He has wangled his government into guaranteeing wheat prices, and been forced to bootleg it when the government could buy no more. The denatured-alcohol surplus taken over by the government came from his unsold produce, and was returned to him, disconcertingly, in the form of automobile fuel. As for taxes, he just forgets them, and it will take a brave man to spur his memory until he pays.

Thus the burden of taxation falls on private wealth, the middle-class worker, the shopkeeper, and some big businesses and industries. Representing 30 per cent of France, these groups carry most of the impost weight, a weight that has just been increased 20 per cent by treasury decree.

Apparently nothing can be done about it, nothing more than can be done about France's gravest problem — bureaucracy. Here is an ancient heritage against which no one dares lift a hand. The government job holder now is

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strapped so solidly in his seat by the very *paperasserie* or red tape which he creates that it is doubtful if the sword exists which can cut him loose. In addition to being tangled in red tape, for which he is indispensable, he, like the farmer, knows his politics.

France is as large as a big American State and has one third of the population of the United States. Yet she has almost twice as many representatives in her two houses of parliament — the chamber of deputies and the senate. A dozen or more political factions share power in the chamber, compelling continual concessions and alliances to obtain a majority. In such circumstances the bureaucrat can shift his weight strategically, making his minority influence count heavily in any majority. While he does not dictate French policies, national or international, his insistence on looking out for himself first works directly and indirectly to the detriment of national policy.

The bureaucrat, invulnerable in government and municipal bureaus and services, which include communications, has found his power measurably increased now that the railroads and munitions factories are under state direction. His numbers are legion, and he counts each member jealously, for every new one enhances his security.

The influence of the *rond de cuir*, so called because of the round leather cushion he sits on to prevent trouser wear, does not cease when he retires from active employment. Every government worker receives a pension after twenty years of toil. The pensioned employee votes to support the bureaucratic mountain to make sure no brash patriot shall tamper with his annual stipend. Active or inactive, the bureaucrat drains the treasury, and the lump sum annually is a major item blocking attempts to balance a very top-heavy budget.

Here, then, is bureaucracy in all its glory, several million men and women living off the government from youth until death. Working or retired, they cannot be ignored. Deputies must lend a willing ear to their demands or lose their jobs. Ministers, even premiers, must pay heed or find their support melting away. Premiers and their cabinets come and go at the rate of two or three a year. Defeat is so easily engineered that premiers are obliged to tiptoe on eggs instead of placing a firm heel on obvious evils. So the evils flourish.

The Bureaucrat's Clammy Hand

Some apology for bureaucracy might be accepted if the service rendered by these job holders were of high standard. But no country, irrespective of governing ideals, illustrates more clearly than France the low ebb to which public service can fall when a functionary realizes he cannot be fired. The Frenchman has a reputation for politeness, but more innate discourtesy coupled with temper-trying delay can be encountered among these government employees than anywhere else in civilization.

Telephone and telegraph services are inefficient in the cities and deplorably slow in the provinces, though automatic telephone dialing in Paris has eliminated the opportunity for insult in which so many operators reveled. And, if you should chance to get tangled in the red tape of a government or municipal bureau, you may never extricate yourself from the constantly renewed succession of Gordian knots. Each knot is tied by a separate functionary, whose sole excuse for having a job is his knot-making ability.

The vast majority of these hirelings are badly paid, the equivalent of $50 a month being average. Thus the *pourboire*, or tip, becomes an integral part of the system. Failure to tip means literally endless waiting.

A case in point: A few months ago I left Paris for the United States, taking a case of wine and two bottles of *calvados* — applejack — as baggage. The case was duly weighed and registered at the railroad station, and I presented my *régie* permit to take the stuff out of the country.

To my dismay, the official at the scales remarked sourly, "I can refuse to let you take this case."

I started to protest, waving the permit, but stopped short when I saw his sourness reinforced by mulishness. (Fifteen minutes re-

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mained for getting all my bags stamped and on the train.) With elaborate politeness, I asked him why.

He declared that special regulations affected the transport of spirits out of France.

Still polite, I explained that the permit had been intended to cover all restrictions.

He grunted unintelligibly, without lifting his paste brush.

I shoved my hand into my pocket and rattled some coins.

Promptly, though still sourly, the papers were stuck on the baggage and shoved toward my porter.

I gave him ten francs, which he took without a word.

If his duty was to confiscate the two bottles of spirits, then as a government employee he was guilty of taking a bribe. If he was merely bluffing, then it was a neatly timed holdup game.

Such is democratic bureaucracy in France.

I have no delusions that such actions are reserved for foreigners. The French suffer these impositions and discourtesies. They have no expectation of a polite reception and a spirit of co-operation. They meet surliness and petty officiousness everywhere — in shops, restaurants, autobuses, subways, and theaters — with an apathy surprisingly at odds with traditional Latin excitability.

Tourist Influence

Salvador de Madariaga, the eminent Spanish scholar and statesman, says, in his searching analysis of the three races, that the Spaniard is a man of passion, the Englishman a man of action, and the Frenchman a man of intellect. The conclusion becomes increasingly accurate as one studies the three types. The Frenchman does make use of a quick, keen mind. He possesses tolerance and a sense of humor, which are accompaniments of the developed intellect.

Yet there are occasions when one wonders if tolerance and a sense of humor are not handicaps rather than virtues. When a neat quip becomes the habitual method of disposing of grave national problems and when tolerance is identified with lethargy, the gift of intellect loses its fine flavor. It acquires a fatalistic outlook, implying that, since repeated struggles against fate have been unavailing, destiny must take its course. France, it maintains, is great, come what may. Here is the protective impulse of the intellectual who hides in a garret, hoping the world will recognize him, ready with sarcasms if it does not. Yet a staunch government, working sincerely for the public good, could change this attitude overnight to one of creative patriotic pride.

Queried as to his apathy, the Frenchman will defend himself. He will declare that he does not like change, that he prefers old methods of life with which he is familiar. He will boast that the Frenchman is too individualistic to be pressed into a single mold turning out a polite and smiling servant, public or domestic.

The argument is punctured by one particular pin. A few years ago the tourist hordes abruptly fell off, after pouring billions in foreign moneys into the country. During that golden era the visitor had been treated as one who should feel privileged to empty his purse in France. Neither governmentally nor individually was an attempt made to cater to the *étranger*, except, perhaps, as an easy mark. When the influx dwindled, French trade felt the pinch. Propaganda was essayed to lure back the prodigal. For the first time, serious attention was paid to complaints of inconvenience, incivility, and trickery. An honest effort was made to improve the situation for the benefit of foreigners.

Of late, the campaign has born fruit. Telephoning in Paris is no longer an out-and-out gamble. Politeness is encountered more frequently, though old habit is hard to bury. Clerks in stores and bureaus, even concierges

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and policemen, have learned what helpfulness means.

The interesting reaction to this is the Frenchman's. He is more than pleased with benefits reaped indirectly from the foreigner. His Latin ego is not offended by an improved telephone service, by smiles and willingness instead of rudeness and delay. He shows no displeasure or nostalgia because hotels are more reliable, because bathtubs and hot water are more common, or because central heating is a few degrees warmer.

The tourist may not deserve all the credit, but he has shown the Frenchman that improvements can be obtained — and the Frenchman likes the results. As for government, it can be stated with conviction that, if it had not been for the tourist, little thought would have been given by it to schemes for bettering the Frenchman's lot in these directions.

The Engine Stalled

Such improvement, however, is largely superficial. It has no curative effect on the deeper problems which prevent France from forging ahead. Other nations are going places. France, as the last outpost of democracy on an embattled continent, must go places too. Democracy dares not stand still.

This winter France is alone with her people. Foreigners have departed, and the tacit truce accepted by workers, capital, and government to further the Paris exposition last summer is ended. A crisis may have to be faced. Liberty and equality will not consent to being pushed into oblivion. Even the most apathetic bourgeoisie will rouse itself when it is repeatedly ignored.

The Chautemps government was overthrown just before this article went to the printer. Will the old political dice box be shaken again, with all the familiar political faces tossed once more on the board?* Must the succeeding ministry be formed from a group that has been unchanged for more than a decade, with cabinet variations depending largely on the luck of the throw?*

If so, then the crisis will continue. A trade deficit, for the first eight months of 1937, of 11,871,000,000 francs will go on increasing. Industry will still wonder what to do with machines that are idle 128 hours out of every 168-hour week. And the 10-franc steak of a year and a half ago will cost more than the 30 francs it does today. There will be nothing to check a growing national debt already at 365,000,000,000 francs. Nor will approximately 100,000,000,000 francs in French capital, now held unproductively abroad because of lack of confidence in *la patrie*, be brought back home. And Père Martin will shake his grizzled head, not sure where to turn.

These are realities which government can no longer evade. A strong man or group of men is urgently needed for the struggle. The ordeal will be bitter. But it is inevitable if the nation is to forestall impending bankruptcy and political adventures into which other European countries have been plunged.

*Editor's Note: — *It looks that way.*

In an early issue:
"Scandinavia in America,"
by Bertram B. Fowler

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Servants Are Humans

ANONYMOUS

I AM ALWAYS encountering in the public prints complaints, about maids like myself, from the class of women who are fortunate enough to be able to hire us. We are incompetent or we want too much money or we are discontented and refuse to stay on in one family for generations as they did in Mother's day — God bless 'em! Or we don't appreciate a good home (part of good home allotted to us not specified). Or, sometimes, a bit lonely and weary, we go out and get a trifle illuminated and are not then in good shape to pick up the clothes our mistress has strewn on the floor when, possibly, in like condition.

But a new thing I have found comes from a lady who complains that we are too aristocratic and snobbish. Even during the depression, when she was having a very hard time and had to move to a tiny six-room house, use only one car, and wear a fur coat that was not new, she says she could not get competent help for the fabulous sum of $14 a week and sleep out.

I myself have been a member of this aristocracy of which she complains for about two years now. I am a widow of 43 and have a 17-year-old daughter.

I was born and brought up on a Pennsylvania Dutch farm and after normal school and two years of college I taught until I married.

When my husband died three years ago I faced the fact that I must earn a living for myself and daughter or be dependent on relatives — perish the thought! True, there were a few thousand dollars in life insurance in my name, but I thought of them as not mine but Emily's, for her college education. I vowed I would not touch a penny of that money.

Then what to do? My teaching licenses were long outmoded; besides, that profession was crowded in 1935, and what chance would I, a middle-aged woman, have among the young and pretty ones with up-to-date college degrees under their arms? No, I made up my mind to unwrap my one other talent, that of good housewife and cook, for the public market. I would try to get a job as housekeeper where I might be able to take Emily with me and keep up for her a semblance of our former happy home. Surely, I thought, there must be homes where, through death or illness, children had been bereft of a mother's care — that sort of place would be the one for me. For I like children and I am strongly domestic and love the things of the house.

Let me say, in passing, that there must be many women like myself who are faced in middle age with the problem of earning a living and find housework the best way. So the difficulties I face must be general and not my own peculiar ones. And surely I have tried hard to overcome them. For up to now I have never been fired but have myself severed the bonds with my various employers.

At first I was not at all choosy about taking anything I was offered, so anxious was I to get to work. And I had no tradition of belonging to this "aristocracy" of houseworkers; I had no feeling of being too good for my work or above my station, as the phrase goes.

I clearly remember, in one of my first interviews, the young matron's saying: "I can see you are a lady, but here you would have to remember that you are the servant."

I answered: "Oh, yes! I should not expect you to ask me to make a fourth at bridge!"

But after three years of trial and error I am still seeking that place where I may earn my living by functioning as a housekeeper and substitute mother and, either with me or elsewhere, give Emily some sort of a pleasant home — a place where I shall be treated as a human being and not a creature of a distinctly lower order, devoid of pride and all the ordinary human emotions. This business of treating us housemaids as not human and at the same time asking us to be intelligent, neat, "good"

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with children, honest, and "not of the servant type" (!) still puzzles me. Is it that women prefer a servant (necessarily an intimate part of the household) to be an efficient female robot, or do they, who are usually unimportant themselves in the world of affairs, find a gratifying sense of power in ordering about and "keeping in her place," out of all necessity, this other woman in the home?

So far in my new career, from the mistress' point of view, I have been satisfactory — as I have said. But I keep hoping always, incurable optimist that I am, to find a place where I can still be a human being.

Jobs I Didn't Take

I had Emily stay with a relative on a farm until I should earn a bit of money and get properly located; so in searching for work at first I was unencumbered and answered anything that sounded promising.

There was a Long Island lady I came to by way of an agency. She offered $60 a month to a *Cook, general,* and I was ready to snap at it until I asked to see my room. She thought I was uppish when I drew away in horror from the lean-to she had had built against the garage, where, except for a tiny window, the chief ventilation would come by way of the entrance door to the garage. "Carbon monoxide?" said she brightly. "Oh, I don't think so."

There was the place, at $50, where I was to cook and do the downstairs and laundry — there was a nursemaid for the children — where my room would have been a spacious one in the basement, with the cellar grating for a window. When I spoke of this with some indignation, milady answered in an apologetic way, "Well, I have had a colored cook before this — I really have no other room."

Where there were two servants, I found we were usually expected to share a room. Any human being who works hard and long hours should be accorded a measure of privacy. I found too, to my surprise, that maids, in such an elemental matter as the desire for fresh air and sunshine, are not supposed to be normal. The average woman hiring a maid seems to think that there will be enough of those on the weekly day off and that any more hours out of the 24 are by way of concession. This day "off," moreover, usually consists of the hours left after the lunch dishes are done.

When I told one woman whom I interviewed — a pleasant-faced mother herself — that I had a daughter of fourteen, she said, after some thought: "Well, in some ways I like my maids to have ties — it keeps them steady. But in another way it's apt to be an inconvenience. I suppose if your daughter were very sick you'd want to go to her, and then where would I be?"

Beginning to Learn

My first job was as cook-houseworker at $50 a month, for a young suburban couple with two children, aged seven and four. I was delighted with my room, a tiny one off the kitchen with a bath all my own. I was too inexperienced then to beware the ominous sign of a crib in one corner. My employer explained brightly that that was for the rare occasions when there might be company and Sister slept in Sonny's room while the guests had Sister's. But I discovered, alas, that on one pretext or another Sonny, whiney, sickly, and spoiled, usually shared my tiny room. I could not, then, solace my loneliness by reading at night. You note the extra crib was not pushed into a corner of the spacious room shared by husband and wife. If anyone's sleep was to be broken, it was the kitchen aristocracy's.

A widower's ad sounded hopeful. He lived on a pleasant farm in New Jersey and had a son two years older than Emily. The wages were only $40 a month, but there was a good high school in the neighboring town; so it was to this farm that I first took Emily with me.

Emily was an attractive girl, tall for her age, and in her second year in high school. All went well at first. I was country-bred, and my work was congenial; Emily and the son got on famously. We were in no sense of the word treated as servants. For the first time in my widowhood I had a fleeting sense of the possibility of life's holding a bit of happiness once more. But alas! I had not thought of myself, middle-aged, with graying hair and a dumpy figure, as a female charmer, but the widower had other ideas. He was soon making himself obnoxious with unwelcome attentions. I told him firmly that he was wasting his time and spoiling an otherwise pleasant situation for us all. He seemed finally to believe me. But soon I realized with horror that he had transferred his amorous interest from me to Emily. We quit.

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My next place with Emily was as housekeeper-cook for an old couple on Long Island. The work was not arduous, and Emily attended an adequate school. Papa and Mama liked my cooking, and I spent what seemed to me literally years pretending to lend a breathless ear to the oft-recounted tales of Papa's gout and Mama's departed kidney. They liked me and wept at my departure. Emily or, rather, Emily's friends, were the trouble here.

Emily makes friends quickly. I so passionately wanted her to have a sense of home that I did not at first discourage the visits of Bob, clacking up the porch steps on his roller skates, or of Betty, who seemed not able to be in a house five minutes without turning on the radio and beginning to hop. But almost invariably, when these young folks began to raise the normal sounds of youthful high spirits, the old folks, singly or in unison, would appear on the scene with frown and mutter and appeals to me to "stop that clatter."

Soon Emily herself discouraged her friends from dropping in. Later on the child began visibly to droop in that atmosphere of old age, where all the little events of the day were attuned to the pace of steps of 70 instead of 15. Good-by to the "home atmosphere" I had so craved for Emily.

Disappointment

At last I found in a nearby town what seemed an ideal setup for us. My employer was a trained nurse with four children and a permanently absent husband. That is, she was legally separated and receiving an allowance. At the time of our interview Mrs. X had a hospital job but wanted to go back to private nursing and thus augment her income. She was a handsome, prepossessing woman of 40, and the children — Mary, 10; Charles and Carl, twins of 9; and Vincent, 5 — all looked like nice, normal kids. She was pleased to have Emily to help me with this quartet, and I learned there was an exceptionally good high school in the town.

All went smoothly at first. Mrs. X worked at her hospital job and ate and slept there, coming home for just a few hours in the afternoon. We were crowded in the little five-room bungalow, but were able to get along. I had to manage on a very tiny budget, since, according to Mrs. X, in order to pay my $50 hire she had to cut corners. But, thanks to my Pennsylvania Dutch upbringing and to my own experience in poverty, I was a wizard at that sort of thing. I flatter myself I can set a decent table on little more than a relief budget!

The children proved to be out of hand in various ways and demoralized a bit in morals and manners; but all that was merely a challenge to me. Soon Vincent had given up licking his plate with his tongue, and Mary had found that telling me lies did not pay. And Emily, out of school early in June because her grades were so high she need take no exams, was a lifesaver. She helped the twins fix up an Indian village in the wood lot behind the bungalow; she took the three older children on hikes and all of them on picnics; she helped Mary with her music lessons; and when swimming time came she took care of all of them at the beach — Emily is a very good swimmer. Besides that, she helped me with dishes, dusting, etc. And I was happy as I had not been since our own home had been broken up. Here I was really functioning successfully as a substitute mother.

But soon disquieting notes crept in. For one thing, Mrs. X gave up her hospital job, went to work nursing at $7 a night, and started sleeping at home in the day. She said this arrangement was temporary; but it was not. Instead of taking a quiet room somewhere for $3 or so a week (her income at this time was well over $300 a month, and her rent but $35), she changed the whole atmosphere of our cheerful place by forcing all six of us to be

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quiet as the grave from 8 A.M. till 3 P.M. The walls were thin, and at the least bit of noise she would open her door and call for quiet. Thus when the weather was bad and Emily could not take the children away, we were transformed into a pair of jailers. The piano or radio must not be touched; the back yard must not be played in; the attic must not be entered. All six of us rapidly grew fed up with this.

In the beginning I had thought of little Vincent as merely spoiled. He was used to eating only what he craved and to being waited on like a two-year-old. But that did not worry me, who had dealt with many a problem child in the heyday of progressive schools. Soon he was eating his spinach and carrots like a man — or no chocolate pudding; soon he was buttoning his panties and tying his shoes as all manful five-year-olds should do.

But Mrs. X at length announced that it was really best to give in to Vincent's whims on most occasions, because he had met with a serious automobile accident the previous year and his nervous system might be endangered. I was mystified and horrified. I had never been told he was to be treated as an abnormal child.

As I have said, Mrs. X's income was then quite ample. I had been buying the food and household supplies for all of us on about $12 a week. But Mrs. X, instead of stretching the purse strings with the advent of a small prosperity, began to tighten them. She had seen that I was a good manager. Did I not make preserves of the watermelon rinds and currant jam in season? Did I not know how to prepare tasty meatless dinners? Was I not expert at saving on the gas bill by heating the kettle of water for a bath instead of turning on the basement heater?

In short, Mrs. X developed symptoms of miserliness and, gloating over the twin treasures she had found in Emily and me, she decided to squeeze us both dry. For instance, Emily's afternoons at the beach turned out to be a burden because, in addition to the four X children, she found herself regularly "looking out for" four other neighborhood youngsters. Inadvertently she learned the reason for this. Mrs. X had told the mothers on the block that for 25 cents an afternoon they could send their progeny along with hers. So, on Emily, whose only wage was her keep, Mrs. X was earning a magnificent dollar a day!

Then came a whole week when Mrs. X was off duty, and the unquestioned authority I had at first held over her brood was now a divided one. Instead of one dessert, Vincent had now two or three, and Emily was ordered to tie his shoes. From a contented child, he now reverted to a whiney one.

Looking at it in retrospect, I think that Mrs. X was truly glad for the obvious improvement in the manners, morals, and general welfare of her brood but resented the fact that someone else had succeeded where she had failed. The German neighbor with whom I had exchanged recipes put it thus when I told her we were leaving:

"You know, Mrs. Anonymous, I think you did *too* well on that job — that's the trouble. We have been so relieved since you've been here. The X children used to be such pests, tramping down the flowers and stealing berries and always fighting. You've done wonders with them and Mrs. X is sick at your going. She's been bragging on how much she's got out of you two for fifty dollars. Says you almost save her your pay in good management. But I guess she's just greedy by nature and just can't help walking all over folks when she has a chance."

Three Jobs in One

After this experience, discouraged about the possibility of keeping Emily with me, I sent her to my sister and looked for work alone. I found it with a well-to-do Jewish lady in New York, who by way of her husband's real-estate business had recently come up in the world. For $55 a month and maintenance I was to do all the work, except the heavy laundry, for four adults. Besides the work of cooking and serving, there were eight huge rooms, crowded with mountainous pieces of furniture, and four baths to be kept clean. I would have my own room and bath, and my evenings would be free.

In my interview with Mrs. Z she asked me if I were clean.

My impulse was to make for the door; but long months as a backstairs aristocrat had taught me many things. So I answered respectfully that we Pennsylvania Dutch had very high standards in that regard.

"And," said she with a smile, "our last girl had to leave because she was going to have a

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baby — I don't suppose we'd have to worry about you doing that?"

I assured her that, for the present, having babies was entirely out of my line.

After a week with Mrs. Z, I realized that she would have no hesitation about killing me with hard work if she thereby could get a bit more for her money. I worked fast and furiously from 7:30 A.M. till after 9 at night. All the eight rooms and four baths had to be cleaned thoroughly each day. There was much company, so the cooking was really an all-day job in itself. And the service was so elaborate that my pantry after meals was a mountain of dishes. In short, for her $55, Mrs. Z wanted three servants in one — I was to triple in brass as cook, chambermaid-waitress, and butler.

When I protested that no ordinary woman could be expected to bear up under such a load, Mrs. Z answered with a twinkle in her hard little black eyes: "But you made the bargain to do everything and you know I've had to teach you about the serving."

At the Z home I was never allowed to keep food for my own meal hot in the warming oven but had to wait till I brought the leftovers, cold from the table, out. And the leftovers were usually few. But luckily I was generally too tired to want much anyway.

One night Mrs. Z appeared in the kitchen as I drank a cup of lukewarm coffee and smoked a cigarette. "Mary! do you smoke?" she asked, aghast. "After this please wait until you get outside," she added generously.

In the huge fortress of an apartment house in which the Z family lived, there was a service elevator and entrance that we maids had to use — a dismal place at night, cluttered with garbage cans. And this entrance was locked at 11:30 P.M., so that, even if I had the strength to climb ten flights of stairs, if I happened to be late, there was no way of doing it. Thus, getting out after 9, I could not see a movie or make more than the briefest call.

When I spoke to Mrs. Z of this, she said, benevolently, "But, Mary, eleven-thirty is late enough for a maid to get to bed so as to be fresh for her work next day."

The straw that broke the camel's back was a pair of pajamas. At 9 P.M. or sometime thereafter, when my dinner dishes were done, my duty was to turn down all the beds that I had made previously with such military precision and lay out the night clothes. One evening I neglected to lay out one pair of pajamas.

Next morning Mrs. Z said reproachfully: "Mary, you forgot to lay out Mr. Max's pajamas last night — now don't let that happen again!"

Mr. Max was her infant son, aged twenty.

The feeble worm that still lives, I hope, in the breast of the humblest member of our aristocracy, turned at this point. "Do you think, Mrs. Z," I asked, "it would be too much to ask a husky young six-footer to lift a pair of pajamas off a hook, instead of having me, who had already worked fourteen hours, do it?"

Mrs. Z was aghast at my impertinence (it *was* impertinence, too). "But that is what I pay you to do."

"Mrs. Z," said I, "you want too much for your money. Let us part now."

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

AFTER RECUPERATING, I found the job where I still work. It is rather weird, but it has its points. A trained nurse and I take care of a rich, blind, semi-invalid old lady and her middle-aged half-witted son. I have my own pleasant little room and bath and five evenings a week free.

When the nurse, who hired me, picked me out of a goodly number of applicants, she had me meet the old lady but kept the son in the background. I had no idea there was anything wrong with him till my first night on the job, when the nurse rang the bell for me to serve the soup. One look at the strange, huge figure at the end of the table, with misshapen head and unbuttoned shirt, told me much. My heart missed a beat, but I held on to the soup. Then, when I passed behind his chair, the creature rose shiveringly and appealed to the nurse in high, strange tones: "Don't let her go behind me! Don't let her go behind me!"

When I asked the nurse, after that remarkable meal, why she had not told me there was a feeble-minded person in the household, she merely said, "Well, you might not have come — and you'll find he's harmless. I've been here two years."

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I hope I can trust her wisdom in saying Benjy is harmless, for I am staying on after six months of him.

Aside from Benjy the job is easy, compared with any of the others I have had. I keep six rooms clean and cook for the four of us. We never have company, as Benjy is terrified of strangers. Our food is magnificent. No expense is spared on it, because eating is Benjy's chief pleasure. I have seen him consume a whole pumpkin pie at one sitting or three fourths of a large layer cake. And I eat my own meal, hot, in the kitchen, with a book propped up in front of me, while the others gorge in the dining room. In the afternoon I have two free hours to rest or go out. After my supper dishes are done tonight I shall be able to go out and call on a friend or go to a movie. On my day off I shall be able to go to see my daughter. My pay is $65 a month.

But I don't think I shall be equal to staying here two years, as the nurse has done. Of course, she is almost two decades my senior and does not crave the things from life that I still want or mind the things that I still mind. I still mind cleaning up, after a 40-year-old, the kind of bed an infant would leave. I still mind Benjy's knocking at my door at midnight, saying pleadingly, "Mary, Mary, I want a piece of cake." There is still a small kernel of fear in my heart, fear that the harmless, childish rages of this physical giant may some day prove not harmless. I mind the fact that the old nurse derives much satisfaction from constantly keeping me in my "place." And I still mind the sinking feeling I always have on coming back from my day off — the feeling that I am leaving the light of the normal world to come down into this sunless mine of the abnormal.

When I can get money enough ahead to pay the dentist for straightening Emily's teeth, I am going to take a month off. After that I shall, instead of answering ads, put one of my own in the paper.

I am tired of seeing *Wanted: Woman, neat, intelligent, honest, good with children, not the servant type.*

My ad will read: *Wanted: someone human to work for — NOT the employer type.*

Next month:
"Freer Than a Bachelor,"
by William F. McDermott

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SCIENCE and the Standard of Living

by **ROBERT A. MILLIKAN**

CAN FREE representative democratic government, with all that it means to mankind, be preserved in the United States? That question is being asked more searchingly and more anxiously now than ever before in our history. Its answer will do much toward determining whether a way can ever be found anywhere by which social change can be brought about through the peaceful, rational process of the ballot. Is there any hope at all that national and international evolution can ever be effected by the method of reason, conference, compromise, and adjudication, or is mankind doomed forever to the only possible alternative, namely, despotism, firing squads, purges, assassinations, bloody revolutions as the only means of change, and — *inevitably* — *eternal* war?

Certainly at the moment it is toward the latter method — a method hoary with age but one from which, since the advent some 300 years ago of science with its fundamentally rational procedures, mankind has been valiantly trying to free itself. Toward it, however, the world is now everywhere apparently backtracking under the banners of communism and fascism — two doctrines in no way essentially different so far as their influence on freedom and democracy and peaceful change are concerned, since the slogan of Marx and Lenin was the "class war," the most eternal and the most horrible of all wars, and the slogan of Mussolini is a "nation on the march" for conquest.

There is no hope for permanent ballot government and rational peaceful change, *unless a majority of the voters in such a democracy as ours are sufficiently educated to understand a few fundamentals that have become established in the age-long climb of mankind up from savagery to the present state of our knowledge and, after becoming so educated, are minded to vote accordingly.* If we can reach that degree of enlightenment, our democracy and our civilization can be saved.

I wish to discuss two of those fundamentals which must be learned and whose implications must be understood if freedom and democracy are to live. Both of them have to do with science.

II

THE FIRST IS the only method by which real, practical, dependable knowledge has ever been achieved, or probably ever can be achieved in any field, scientific or social. No greater contribution to human progress has ever been made than is contained in the development of that method. It is usually called the rational, the objective, the analytic, the scientific mode of approach. The reason it is generally known as the scientific method is that it was developed most conspicuously in, and is today illustrated most clearly by, the natural sciences. Its alternative is the method of hunch, superstition, prejudice, and emotion which was practically universally used in ancient times and is unfortunately used today by many persons, not all of whom are commonly classed as illiterates either. It is used by every demagogue as well as by every sincere rabble rouser and chaser of illusions — indeed by all who are incapable of analysis and are essentially the victims of misguided zeal, superstition, and emotion.

There was a time when no other method than the latter was available. You cannot blame Ulysses, as related in the *Odyssey*, for sacrificing each morning a bullock to the eternal gods and then watching the squirming entrails

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of the slaughtered animal to get his daily forecast, from which to try to plot wisely the course of his ship; for that was before the advent of science. The age of science is at most not more than 300 years old. Even the law of gravity was absolutely new in 1680, only 260 years ago. Men had pushed carts and pulled wagons and hurled spears for tens of thousands of years before they learned anything fundamental about the laws of force and motion. These laws were formulated by Newton in 1686 and rested on experiments made by Galileo only about 1600 A.D. *Modern civilization grew out of these laws and rests on them today.* Pull out these props, and the whole structure crashes. Heat engines, only 150 years old, could not possibly have been developed until after the laws of mechanics had been discovered, for all engines rest directly on these laws.

Why do I want every man, woman, and child in the United States to know something about these fundamentals of physics, to know at least that there exists a core of definite, dependable knowledge which he can take as a sure guide in working out new physical problems? Why do I want him to know at least a little about the method by which this body of dependable, noncontroversial knowledge has been obtained? Because it can change his whole attitude toward the affairs of his personal life and toward the affairs of his social and political life as well. Here is a *fundamental* for the preservation of our democracy and the progress of our race.

The intensive study of physics for the past 300 years by the scientific method, the rational, objective, analytic method of Galileo and Newton, has resulted in a *core of established knowledge*, has shown that, outside that, there is a zone of the controversial and, outside that, another nebulous zone of the as yet unknown. It has shown that the progress of physics consists in standing on that base of the known and, little by little, bit by bit, by the process of hypothesis and reasoning and prediction and experimental verification, slowly, very slowly, expanding the core of the known at the expense of the zone of the controversial — and thus, year by year, from an ever higher standpoint, peering out still further into the unknown.

Now if through the public school, through the newspaper, through every available educational agency, every member or even just a greater part of the members of the oncoming voting generation can be given the scientific viewpoint — and no one can possibly miss it who looks even superficially at the history of physics — the foundation will have been laid in one generation for banishing the well-meaning but incompetent emotionalists, the crackpots, the demagogues, the cultists of all sorts from their positions of influence and responsibility not only in our scientific but also in our social and political life.

III

BUT HOW APPLY the method to our social problems? The best way to answer that question is actually to attempt to apply it to one of them.

Are there social fundamentals as well as physical fundamentals that *have been discovered?* To answer *no* would be to imply that scientists are the only people in the world who have brains.

But how can I, a physicist, get at that core of established knowledge in economics? Why, just as every intelligent economist gets at the core in physics. Naturally, he asks the physicists. He goes to any intelligent physicist and asks him this one question: "Will nine out of ten of the most competent, experienced, and dependable physicists agree on the answer to the physical question about which I desire knowledge?" If the answer is *yes*, then the inquirer can feel quite confident that there is not one chance in a thousand that the answer is wrong.

When one tests this jury method, the most amazing thing is that he finds that probably nine tenths of the questions which the general public sends in to the physical laboratory have their answers in the domain of established knowledge about which there is no real uncertainty. They do not for the most part belong to the zones of the controversial or the unknown. For example, we know that you cannot build a perpetual-motion machine. A large fraction of our inquiries belong to just that category. Again, we know that it is useless to try to build any kind of heat engine that will convert into work 100 per cent of the heat that goes into the boiler or, indeed, probably more than from 35 to 40 per cent at the most. For we have discovered a great multitude of

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principles and laws which we can use *with the entire assurance that they will not let us down.* We know too, from sad experience, that if we violate those laws our work will not stand — our bridges will collapse, our boilers will explode, and disaster will befall us. One of the greatest social problems of physics is to get the public to understand and to *use* the definite knowledge *that we already possess*, and I have been learning that most economists feel the same way about their field. So I have been trying to find one or two fundamentals in economics, and here is where the "standard of living" comes into the picture with science.

IV

I FOUND by inquiry that no matter where one picks his jury of economists he will always get a decision at least as strong as nine to one affirming that *the standard of living of any civilized country like ours is determined simply by the total quantity of goods and services produced.* That means that if we are concerned about raising the standard of living in the United States the only possible way we can do it is by, directly or indirectly, creating more goods and services. Now it is not my job as a physicist to prove or even to defend that economic *fundamental.* I am only pointing out how I got it and the enormous importance of having it known by every worker, so that if he has even begun to apply the scientific method he will see what far-reaching implications it has for labor policies on which he has to vote — such as the 30-hour week, for example, or the ultimate influence of strikes on his own income.

Here is a second aspect of this fundamental with which my social jury has provided me: After the development of science and its application to both production and transportation have pushed us beyond the point (and in this country this happened long ago) at which enough of the bare necessities of life — food, clothing, and shelter — are available to provide for the whole population, it is a fundamental social responsibility to provide that no one who is willing to work need starve or freeze.

A third aspect of the same fundamental is that the best, if not the only practicable, way to increase the economic well-being of the worker — his standard of living — is to create more goods and services *through the use of more science.* Of fundamental significance in this connection is the dependable knowledge contained in the statistical analysis of Paul Douglas published by the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research in 1930. This shows that the actual purchasing power of the earnings of labor in all industries, including farm labor, increased more than 30 per cent (Douglas himself makes it 47 per cent) between 1890 and 1923, while between 1923 and 1936, according to the figures of the U. S. Department of Commerce and the National Industrial Conference Board, the real earnings of factory workers rose 9 per cent more, notwithstanding the depression, thus making the total gain since 1890 at least 40 per cent. Further, during all this period, with small, unimportant divergences, the real wages kept practically parallel with the real or exchange value of the worker's product, as they of course should do if the increase in productivity goes chiefly or in its correct proportion to the workers.

Peculiarly significant are the following summarized conclusions of Douglas (himself accused of leftist tendencies):

> During the years in which productivity per worker did not increase appreciably real wages were relatively constant, and their greatest increase has come in the very period, namely, from 1919 to 1926, in which the productivity per worker has risen at a truly extraordinary rate.

These were the years in which *the applications of science came most rapidly into use.*

> Since 1914, however, the wages in the non-union manufacturing industries have risen at least as rapidly as have those in the union manufacturing trades. . . . It seems clear in any case that the increase in real wages during the period has been caused primarily *by the increase in productivity* rather than by unionization.

Now let us supplement these figures by statistics as to real wages in this country *and abroad* reported by the National Industrial Conference Board, September, 1926. The American wage worker got 1.7 times as much in buying power for an hour's work as did the wage worker in Great Britain, 1.9 times as much as the Scandinavian or Dutch worker, 2.5 times as much as the German worker, and more than 3 times as much as the worker in other parts of Europe outside of Russia, where the average buying power of wages was and is probably less than a tenth of that here, though definite statistics are unobtainable.

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This is primarily, no doubt, because we use more power machines here than in any other country; secondly, because, not having here the European class system, the stimulus to rise to a better economic level, through our differential wage system and the lack of social barriers to promotion, makes us work harder and faster and more intelligently. This is what we call "American opportunity," created by the greater rewards here offered for superior accomplishment. Every movement toward equalitarianism and away from freedom tends of course to destroy this stimulus to productivity, efficiency, and individual development. But, so far as I can gather from my inquiries of economists, there is general agreement that the most potent cause both for the extraordinary increase in well-being of the American worker during the last half-century and the very large excess in his present economic well-being over that of workers anywhere else in the world is the clearly demonstrated greater use of power machines and other scientific devices now than formerly, here than elsewhere—in other words, they are owing to *the application of science to industry*.

V

THE FOREGOING figures contain the complete answer to the attacks on the machine and the machine age. They show the utter fallacy, when looked at in the large, of the pronouncements which we continually hear in high places and in low places, by men who cannot see ahead of their noses, on technological unemployment.

This is not to say it does not exist temporarily — that is what makes the use of the argument so misleading and so socially disastrous, as untruth and error are always disastrous. It is true that in 1800 90 per cent of our population lived in the country and got their support immediately from the farm, and the figure as late as 1900 was 60 per cent, whereas now but 25 or 30 per cent are left there. All the rest have been forced off the farm. I am one of them, most of you likewise. Where have we gone? Into the service industries, like education, law, medicine, publishing, communications, music, art in all its forms (notably commercial art), entertainment, service stations, garages, trade, domestic service, and — above all — into the schools. When I was a high-school lad there were 500,000 American youths in such schools; now there are 5,500,000. Thus 5,000,000 youths between thirteen and eighteen — 13 per cent of the total income-earning population of the country — have been taken out of productive industry and given the educational opportunities offered by the American high school, opportunities denied to their parents 50 years ago because the economic condition of the country made them unattainable.

But, in spite of these figures, according to the U. S. census the percentage of our population "gainfully employed" actually rose from 36.8 per cent in 1890 to 39.8 per cent in 1930. And *there is no such thing as saturation* in these service industries all taken together, created by our increased economic well-being. It is these industries that make the "progress of civilization." Is it unfortunate for either you or me or the country that we were forced to quit milking the cows and turn over the job to mechanical milkers?

Of course in the process of change there will always be some unemployment. Between 1890 and 1926 there was an average of unemployment of 7.5 per cent, the short-time peaks of 1894 and 1921 being 16 and 21 per cent respectively, *but even these peaks are small compared to the increase in real wages, 40 per cent at least, during the same period, owing to the applications of science*. Thus society can very easily take care of that load rather than forgo the much larger advantages of increased production due to the application of science.

VI

BUT WHO IS society? It is very important that the average voter should know another *fundamental*, namely, that society is simply himself, the common man, multiplied by a number which represents the population. In the last analysis, despite the purposeful deception practiced by the demagogue and the unwitting fallacies of the emotional crackpot and rabble rouser, it is the common man who pays practically all the national income — and this simply because the few men who receive unusually large incomes cannot possibly eat them or keep them or do anything else with them save pass them on to the educators, the painters, the architects, the gardeners, the chauffeurs, the workmen, the domestics, and

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the construction and operating groups of new industries created by excess capital. If these larger incomes are cut off, the former recipients of them merely get an increase in health because they have to mow their own lawns, which is good for them, and the only ones who really suffer are the common service-industry men and women who lose their jobs.

I myself believe, for other reasons, in stiff graded income and inheritance taxes but I do not blink the fact that the whole group of incomes above, say, $10,000 a year have no social significance whatever other than a pyschological one. Not only are they few in number, but the sum of these incomes is so small a fraction of the national income that they do not really count. In 1933, for which year I have the figures, there were but 1,731,000 persons who paid federal income taxes out of a population of 125,000,000 people, and the federal taxes begin with incomes of $2,500. The total income of these federal income taxpayers was in that year $10,800,000,000. This means that more than three fourths of the national income that year went *directly* to persons getting less than $2,500 apiece.

If only we had labor leaders sufficiently informed and sufficiently honest to tell their groups what a Swedish labor leader told his group when I was in Stockholm last spring, what an effect on their thinking it would have! I will give both the American and the Swedish figures; the comparison will be illuminating. If one were to divide all the excess of income above $2,500 per family (the Swede said above $1,000) among the families having less than $2,500, the average lot of the latter group would scarcely be materially affected. In fact, according to Mr. Kuznets, the leading expert of the Department of Commerce, the average increase to the latter group would be between $80 and $100 per year per family, or a $4-a-day man would get $4.36 a day, if his productivity remained unchanged. Actually, of course, the move would destroy the leadership and the brains which have made most of the income possible, so that it would be simply another case of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. A little science, in this case the science of simple arithmetic, applied to government figures of this sort, available to everybody, would change the thinking and the voting of large numbers of Americans.

The U. S. Department of Commerce estimates our national income for last year at about $70,000,000,000 and the average per capita income to all the country's 41,000,000 gainfully employed workers at $1,300, compared with $1,244 in 1936 and but $1,450 in 1929. Yet I have before me statements of well-known and well-meaning men who have named $3,600 as the goal of the American workman. The only possible way to attain it is nearly to treble his working hours or his working rate or to introduce new scientific devices which, without throwing anybody out of employment, will enable him to produce three times as much as he now produces. The economic perpetual-motion machine is apparently an even more common illusion than its physical counterpart.

The fact is that all these schemes of redistributing income represent at bottom merely modern variants on the age-old game of stealing what someone else has produced, of getting an advantage for your group at the expense of some other group, the industrial worker at the expense of the farmer, the unskilled producer at the expense of the equally unskilled servant, the bonus racketeer at the expense of the public generally. All these frictions simply result in increasing the cost of living and thus lowering the standard of living of the nation. The method of science is, instead of this, to *create more income* and thus have more to distribute, and the figures I have given show how vastly more effective it has been under our American system of stimulus to private initiative and individual development. It is primarily, I feel sure, because we have had it that the forgotten man is so vastly better off here and now than he is anywhere else in the world or has ever been at any time or place in history. And the forgotten woman has fared still better, for the most abused labor in the world has always been domestic service, and (although I have here no official figures), according to the best estimates I can get, domestic service receives here in real wages at least three times as much as in any other country in the world except possibly Canada and Australia. Remember that the woman in this service has had no union to help her — or to hold her down, according to your point of view. Enormously more potent economic forces under our free system have done the job.

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VII

I COME BACK to the query with which I began. Can the free, democratic American system, with its stimulus to production and its opportunity for individual development, be maintained in a world that is just now cursed with Marxian illusions and the anachronistic passion for conquest, both of which naturally breed despotism or authoritarianism of one sort or another? The answer to that question depends on you and me. We must organize and support under private initiative the further progress of science and its application to industry in the United States. If our past means anything, we can do it vastly better than can the authoritarian states. But let me assure you that *they are doing it* by their totalitarian methods right now. The peoples of the United States and the British Empire are the only ones I know of who still depend on private initiative for the progress of their science and its applications, and even England has recently been moving in the direction of support by central-government subsidy.

But what is the outlook? What may be expected if of our own initiative we *do* gird up our free, unhampered, democratic loins and keep well in the van of scientific progress?

We may expect soon very important changes in our liquid fuels, for in a few decades we must depend primarily on our coal beds instead of our oil wells for our power. What the source and form of our liquid fuels will be is still in the laps of the gods. Some people are talking of powdered coal and Diesel engines. Intelligent research will tell.

Secondly, we may expect very large advances in the next two decades in the whole field of metallic alloys, with the development of more heat-resistant metals than we now have. Why does a very small ingredient of carbon or molybdenum change so enormously the mechanical and optical properties of iron? We are just beginning to glimpse the reasons and the mechanism through X-ray and other studies of molecules and molecular aggregates.

This brings me at once to the fascinating field of big molecules and the as yet mysterious relation they have to life processes. What a chance for organic chemistry! And that leads to the apparently illimitable possibilities of microbiology and microchemistry, plants responding miraculously to unbelievably small concentrations of synthetic hormones. Knowledge of the physiological effects of impossibly minute ingredients of certain substances is coming fast. And, again, the effects of radiations of various wave lengths on explorations into the nature of substances buried far beneath the earth's crust. Such waves are bound to bring back knowledge of thus far deeply buried secrets, useful ones perhaps. The X-raying of the earth with seismic waves has enabled us within the past ten years to see its iron core reaching halfway to its center, but, strangely, it transmits only compressional, not rigid, waves. Much more X-raying must be done. Again, the relation of seismic waves to earthquake-resisting structures is being worked out rapidly and beneficially, but much more of it will follow. And meteorology — what prospects it holds out for predicting the weather days ahead through much more complete knowledge of its air-mass structure provided by the radiometeorograph, already here, but its use and applications still to come. And flying in the stratosphere is coming, but facilities for the right kind of research are needed badly.

But none of this future will be realized, for there will be no America to save, unless we, the voters, can clean up soon the foulest blot of all on our national life, the canker that is going to destroy us unless we can cut it out, namely, the patronage system — the use of public funds for, and the prostitution of the public service to, political purposes. These are at the bottom of the present corruption of our American morals and the decay of our American ideals. The remedy is a clean, nonpolitical public service such as England now possesses, even though 100 years ago she had as rotten a system as we have now. This is the first great job of the American voter.

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"Freud" at Oxford

by **GEORGE EDINGER**

When psychoanalysis first became the rage in England and before it received the recognition it deserves, I was a third-year undergraduate at Oxford. It so happened that one spring evening a small party of us were walking home along the Thames towing path above Godstow. We began to talk about psychoanalysis.

"Freud says —" a nineteen-year-old youth began.

"I'm tired of hearing what Freud says," I interrupted. "One's only got to put these two words, 'Freud says,' in front of the most obvious nonsense, and people will swallow it as profound learning. In fact, Jim, I'll undertake to fill the Oxford Town Hall with an audience of psychologists and talk complete nonsense to them for half an hour, putting in 'Freud says' every now and then, and I'll bet you they will swallow it as a learned lecture on psychoanalysis."

"I say, do you mean that?"

As a matter of fact I did *not* mean it but I had said it in front of six people all younger than myself, and, when one is 22 and a third-year undergraduate, one does not like retracting an offer made before one's juniors. "Of course I mean it. I'll do it, Jim, if you'll be my chairman."

He considered this a minute — a minute in which I devoutly hoped he was going to decline. But what he said was, "Right, that's a bet."

The next few days I was too excited to be alarmed. Clearly the lecture must be delivered in disguise. And the obvious role for any lecturer on psychoanalysis to assume was that of a German professor. So all that remained was to give this professor a name. We called him Emil Busch. "Busch" because I remembered a German circus of that name. "Emil" from Rousseau's book which we were reading then for an exam.

"And what are you going to be called, Jim?"

"Dr. somebody, Dr. James somebody."

"Heythrop" was called out from the sofa. "It's a very good name. It's the name of the local pack of hounds."

Oxford Is Thrilled

So two days later, on a Saturday, Oxford was plastered with notices saying that Professor Emil Busch would speak in the Town Hall on the Friday following on "Freud and the New Psychology" and that Dr. James Heythrop would take the chair. The meeting was advertised as being held under the auspices of the Home Counties Psychological Association, a body exactly as mythical as the Professor and Dr. Heythrop.

The town clerk was able to offer the Professor a large room generally used for the sittings of a grand jury. I asked to see it. It would hold about 200 people. There were impressive leather chairs stamped with the city arms. The windows were high up and filled with stained glass. We liked the pompous Victorian solemnity. It was the last place in which anybody would suspect a rag.

"Who shall I make the receipt out to?" asked the town clerk.

"The Home Counties Psychological Association, of course."

Two days after the notices came out, people in Oxford were talking earnestly about Professor Busch. Nobody, so far as I know, claimed a firsthand acquaintance with the Professor, but a research student approaching his thirties described to me how he had talked with one of Busch's disciples in a train in Germany. "And I confuted him on every point," he ended triumphantly. Oxford, in fact, believed so faithfully in Dr. Busch that I almost began to believe in him myself.

Meanwhile the actual lecture was taking shape. None of us had ever seriously studied anything even remotely like psychology. So it

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was a very odd lecture that we wrote for the Doctor to deliver. It was full of infants, left in excursion schooners by their mothers, whom the influence of a grandfather long dead enabled to sail safely across the Baltic, of pastors who dropped pins in tramcars, of Antwerp jewelers who always went half a kilometer out of their way to avoid steam cranes. It postulated the existence of a new substance called coesthesia, which formed part of all human beings and was supposed to account for different people's sharing the same emotions. It proved that every effect is followed by its cause. Then, when 25 pages of nonsense manuscript were completed, all the heads of Oxford colleges, the mayor, the chief city notables, and a selected number of prominent people, town and gown, were sent special invitations.

The lecture was billed for eight o'clock. At seven we were made up at a hairdresser's at St. Aldate's. I told him I was performing in an amateur play, and he made a good job of it. My hair was clipped like a brush mat. I had a little moustache fixed on with spirit gum, and a few blue lines were painted on my face to suggest age. Dr. Heythrop had a pointed beard, and his hair was powdered.

We had dinner together in our disguises in a restaurant in George Street. As we ate, we worked ourselves into our respective roles. We probably rather overdid it at first.

Jim would announce in those deliberate loud tones the Englishman reserves for children, foreigners, and idiots: "*There are over twenty different colleges here, Doctor.*"

And I: "*So* — and vich of zem is vot is ze Oxford College?"

To a careful listener it might not have been very convincing. But that rehearsal gave us our confidence. Everybody in the restaurant seemed to accept us for what we pretended we were, and that was the thing that mattered.

A confederate met us at the Town Hall door. "We've been turning away hundreds," he said.

This was alarming, and, just before we reached the room, the worst happened. Into the grand-jury room, where every seat was filled, where people were sitting on the floor, the radiators, and the window ledges and standing packed between chairs and along the walls, there walked the chief inspector of the Oxford city police. "Who is in charge of this meeting?" he asked.

There were, in all, five of us in the know, three of our original party and two others — a man and a girl who had been initiated later on. A chap named Fred was carefully posted by the light switch, and it had been arranged that if one of us asked a question beginning with the words "Dr. Ludwig Konigsberger" he was to extinguish the lights. Now, without waiting for the signal, he reached for the switch. Luckily, another accomplice told the police inspector that he represented the Home Counties Psychological Association.

"Well, I think this whole meeting had better adjourn to the police court," the inspector began — Fred's hand was on the switch — "because there's twice the room there for your audience."

Fred let go of the light switch.

You Cannot Believe All You See

A few minutes later, I arrived with my chairman, and, without further waiting, Jim plunged into his introduction. Considering his youth and inexperience he did fairly well. He got a bit confused about my career, putting me on the Russian, instead of the Japanese, side in the war of 1904 and so spoiling some of the best passages in my lecture about the Inscrutable Oriental. But his comment that "to Oxford Professor Busch needs no introduction" raised stormy applause, and when, in his climax, he stated that "if the Professor is less well known than some of his colleagues, it is because he has always been content to be a learner for learning's sake," the clapping lasted a full minute by my wrist watch.

I rose to face my audience. Not ten yards off in the first row were three people who knew me well. Further back sat half a dozen other members of my own college. One of my history tutors was standing over by the wall. I saw the distinguished heads of two Oxford colleges who had accepted our invitation. The lady who kept a hotel in my street was there with a friend. It was a really representative audience. There were motor mechanics from Cowley, shopkeepers, lawyers, even doctors (none of whom seemed to doubt the genuineness of their colleague James Heythrop).

When the first few lines were spoken, my fears had gone. After the baby had brought his ship safely across the Baltic, I was ready to go on for hours; when every effect had been fol-

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lowed by its cause, I believe it would have been a real shock to me had anyone suggested that I was not, in fact, Professor Emil Busch.

At one stage an exceptionally unlikely anecdote made a man at the back shout out, "Question!"

"You will find the case cited in the Psychological Transactions of the University of Bologna in the twenty-eighth volume," I said. And that display of learning silenced him.

And then my moustache began to loosen. Slowly, gradually, and unmistakably it detached itself from the lip, till one end of it was flapping in the air. I saw the horror in the face of our girl confederate two rows off. She actually clutched her neighbor, a college chaplain's wife, and said in an audible voice, "Look, his moustache is coming off"; only I am thankful to say she met with a rebuke — "If you can't behave, Joy, I won't be seen with you at a serious lecture." Holding my manuscript in front of my face, I replaced the moustache with a few frantic jabs. But the initiated detected a certain emotion in my voice at this stage; in fact I was told that for a few seconds I even forgot to maintain the accent.

I had undertaken to talk for half an hour. And at the end of half an hour I sat down. The audience clapped heartily. Obviously the enjoyment and instruction had been all they expected. Then the chairman asked for questions. I rather dreaded this part of the evening, but it turned out to be the easiest of all. Completely satisfied at my answers to questions I never understood, the audience proceeded to carry a vote of thanks by acclamation. In saying goodby I struck a note of warning: "This vorld is purely empirical. You cannot believe all you see nor credit everyzing you hear."

Luckily the warning was not observed, and we were both allowed to go, surrounded by earnest inquirers and by dons and undergraduates who pressed us to come to their rooms for further discussion. Of course, we did not accept. The Doctor had a train to catch. After answering to the best of my ability an inquiry as to which was the best university in Europe at which to study psychology, I emerged at last into the lamplit street, where a small crowd had gathered to see the famous professor. We returned by a roundabout way to the rooms where we had changed, and late in the evening I got back to college.

Properly, that is the end of the story, but the facts leaked out, and, not long after, there were full accounts of the hoax in the press. But my name was never disclosed, for which I was grateful; nor was my chairman's, for which at the outset of his Oxford career he was more grateful still and for which, now he has become an undersecretary of state, he can never be grateful enough; nor were those of my more distinguished hearers, for which I imagine they were most grateful of all. In fact, we were invited to tea soon after by one of the most eminent, soon after the disclosure. "Well, well," he said, shaking his head at us, "I don't very well see that anything can be done about it. But I hope you won't try it again."

We never have.

Self-Sufficiency

The soul who dines on secret bread
In drouth or famine, still is fed.
No matter what the leaven be,
It quenches hunger utterly.

The soul who travels in secret shoes
May visit any land he choose.
Ethereally sustained and shod
He treads the universe, a god!

Louise Crenshaw Ray

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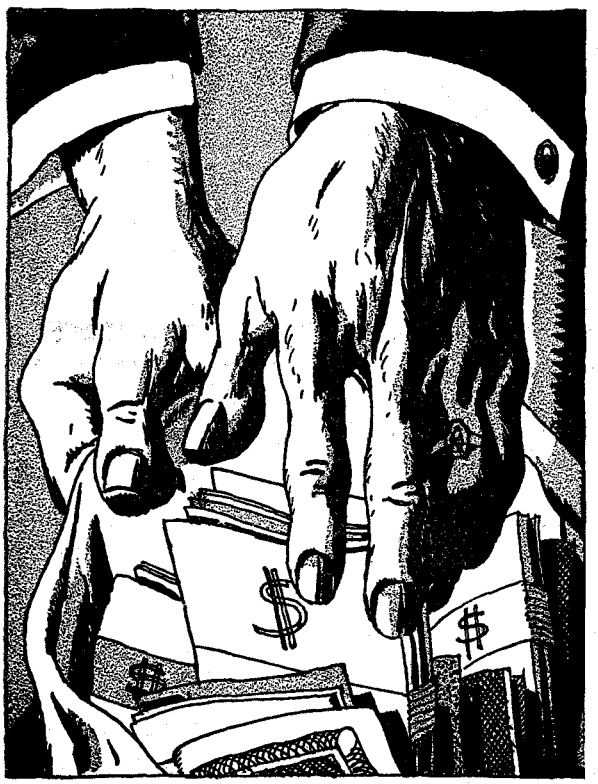
Is the Investor Helpless?

by **BERNARD J. REIS**



I AM THE KIND of fellow who can't see why stockholders shouldn't get the same kind of fair treatment they would get if they were big partners instead of little partners in industry."

These words of William O. Douglas, new chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, bespeak the plight of the American investor. Ways have yet to be devised to give the investor a minimum of protection. Today — quoting Mr. Douglas again — investors are "by and large orphans of our financial economy."

Big business derives much of its bigness from the savings and confidence of 10,000,000 little partners, a number that is constantly growing. The last decade has proved that these scattered, unorganized, credulous, and thrifty citizens are unable to protect themselves.

II

THE AVERAGE investor is unquestionably overwhelmed by the abstract nature of investments. He has been made to feel that wiser heads and fatter purses than his must rule the corporations to which he has entrusted his money. Consequently he has been accustomed to assume that boards of directors are the major partners in a business in which he holds only a few shares. What he has not realized is that the Joneses, the Browns, the Smiths, and the Davises are also small stockholders and that together they constitute the real owners of the large industries. Failure of this multitude of little partners to pool their interests proves that the investors' impotence is largely self-imposed. Boards of directors, though retaining the power of feudal barons, often own less than five per cent of the corporations they control.

The machinery used by the inside minority to hold its grip is simple. Management, bankers, and security dealers co-operate to induce the security holders to surrender their power by proxies. And the effectiveness of the proxy machine depends on the small investors' lack of organization.

The real owners of a large business are numerous, scattered, and preoccupied with their other affairs. It is easy to persuade them to delegate their power to someone else. To do so, insiders form a proxy committee and, at company expense, solicit the small investor to mail in his proxy. When, rarely, opposition appears, squads of personal solicitors are set loose at the company's expense, a maneuver that usually succeeds. Where the issue is close, brokers and bankers who are the record owners (but who rarely have anything at stake) side with the insiders.

What is the result? The insiders obtain enough votes to approve the actions and policies of officers and directors and to re-elect

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themselves. Independent scrutiny of the management is foreclosed. Year after year the process is repeated, and officers who jointly own ridiculously small fractions of the outstanding securities remain masters of the public's money.

Occasionally, a stray stockholder attends an annual meeting. He finds himself alone among the directors and bewildered in procedure railroaded by the best corporation talent in the country. Finding the meeting only a series of legal resolutions, he does not go a second time. In fact, many of these meetings are held in inaccessible places, thereby ensuring nonattendance of stockholders. F. W. Woolworth Company meets annually in Watertown, New York; International Paper Company convenes in Corinth, New York; and Southern Pacific Company invites its 55,788 stockholders to journey to Spring Station, Kentucky, where the total population is normally 34. Being among friends and free from public scrutiny, boards of directors have been known to vote themselves fabulous salaries, often despite a record of deficits.

But the treacherous proxy machine is not the only danger. Investors must also abandon a naïve faith in the integrity of other self-appointed guardians: the bankers, underwriters, dealers, or brokers who originally advised the purchase of securities. Whenever the selected enterprise gets into heavy seas, substantially the same group appears to give advice. At this stage the original promoters are known as protective committees or reorganization managers or underwriters of new securities.

In any event, the investors' bitter experience of the past few years shows that all these advisers and protectors are primarily interested in mending their own fences. Whether they call themselves by one euphonious name or another, they are merchants: salesmen of securities or services. At the beginning of an enterprise or when reorganization or refinancing becomes necessary, the bankers and underwriters are aligned with the insiders. Their job is to sell, convert, or exchange securities — for profit. And, like other merchants, they look for jobs. When business does not seek them, they try to create it.

When foreign bonds were selling so fast that there weren't enough to supply the demand, many of the nation's outstanding investment bankers begged foreign governments to take loans for no matter what fanciful purpose, so that more bonds could be sold to the public at a substantial profit. When investors became fewer in number and far more exacting, the bankers were compelled to offer high-grade securities. Today, with a vast and inexperienced buying public, bankers can sell any security represented as conservative and safe.

Although a security is an intangible and mysterious thing, it is nevertheless a commodity like any other, and the investor must find a method of judging its real quality. Unfortunately, high price and low yield are not necessarily the test of soundness. The security buyer must beware. Indeed, there is more security for the buyer of ordinary commodities than for the purchaser of investments. Such terms as *14-carat gold*, *sterling silver*, and *free from benzoate of soda* are construed at law to mean exactly what they say, whereas *conservative*, *ultraconservative*, *first mortgage*, and *equivalent to United States Liberty Bonds* have no definite meaning. They can be applied to any sort of security without any protection to the buyer or the slightest risk to the seller.

Another reality must be faced courageously by the investor. The appointment of one of the very large trust companies or banks as "trustee" does not give the protection which the investor innocently expects. This has been dramatically proved through investigation by the Senate and other federal and State agencies. But let us turn to some schemes not yet exposed to general view.

Once more the market is being flooded with bait for a newly emerging class of small investors. For as little as $10 a month, the customer is promised that in ten years he can enjoy all the good things of life — his own home, a college education for his children, and a trip to Europe. The sellers give no tangible guarantees of safety but mystify the purchaser by emphasizing the name of the trustee, invariably a banking firm of long and reputable standing. Actually, the trustee rarely has any responsibility in the affairs of these companies.

Judge Rosenman of the New York State Supreme Court recently stated in the case of Hazzard v. The Chase National Bank:

> The cruel fact is that not only is the trustee not required to exercise that greater skill and watchfulness and prudence which it has but it is even absolved from exercising merely the ordinary care which a single individual should exercise as to his own affairs.

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This, however, does not deter these companies from printing the name of the trustee in large bold-faced type on the front of a prospectus and from using the financial standing of the *trustee* as a major selling point. They know that the untrained investor will assume that the great financial institution named as trustee will supply the skill and watchfulness and the experience which he himself lacks. *Nothing could be further from the truth.* The Securities and Exchange Commission has recently made an investigation of the dangers to the investor which such misleading use of the trustee's name involves and recommended legislation to Congress to stop it. But such legislation was not passed.

III

IT WOULD BE natural to expect the investor to receive primary protection from certified public accountants. Although employed to do private work, the members of this profession are licensed by the various States as "certified public accountants." Only recently has it become sharply evident that the small investor should place little faith in financial statements "certified" by public accountants. An underlying difficulty is the ordinary person's lack of the technical training and habits of thought necessary to understand even a thoroughly candid financial statement.

Nor can it be said that the accountants have done their utmost to simplify financial statements. It is regrettably true that many accountants ingeniously contrive subtle headings, artful qualifications, and innocent-looking conditions — at the command of the companies who pay the bills — so that there may be a minimum of compliance with the law and a maximum of protection for the accountant and his clients.

The average person would be startled to know that the law has seemingly clothed the public accountant with immunity, even where a false financial statement has brought loss and even ruin on those who accepted it as accurate. Nevertheless accountants do enjoy virtual immunity, even in the rare instances when innocent losers go to the great expense of establishing the true connection between their loss and the accountants' false report.

Some years ago the Court of Appeals, the highest appellate court of New York State, fashioned a satisfactory yardstick for measuring the responsibility of the public accountant. The Court said:

> Where a party represents a material fact to be true to his personal knowledge, as distinguished from belief or opinion, when he does not know whether it is true or not and it is actually untrue, he is guilty of falsehood, even if he believes it to be true, and if the statement is thus made with the intention that it shall be acted upon by another, who does so act upon it to his injury, the result is actionable fraud.

In a later case, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit passed on the same question, involving a suit by preferred stockholders against a prominent firm of accountants. But the federal court radically altered the yardstick. The question of a false statement was subordinated to the point "whether the omission to state certain matters was deliberate and intended to conceal." In other words, the investor injured through a false report has no remedy even if he proves that the accountants either knew or could have learned the facts — *unless* he also proves that the falsehood was deliberate.

Hence, the ordinary investor cannot depend on the reports of public accountants as substantial protection. And, if he blindly does so, it is futile to imagine that he can obtain redress in the courts. The apparent need for establishing intent to conceal deprives the theoretical court remedy of any practical value. It may be incidentally observed that the Circuit Court's yardstick runs contrary to the philosophy of the securities act and seems to raise a serious obstacle to effective administration.

Generally speaking, the legion of investors cannot safely depend on the courts for protection. Based on the record of suits, this assertion is unassailable. Suits by investors are infrequent; successful suits are exceptionally rare. The reasons are not far to seek. Even assuming the plaintiff's case of wrongdoing, of mismanagement, of dissipation of assets, the investor is not regarded as having a right to personal redress. He does have the right, under certain conditions, to bring what is known as a derivative suit. This means he can sue only in the name of the corporation. He can sue for the benefit of the corporation on his own behalf and on behalf of others who are similarly situated. Such suits are inhibited by practical consideration. Assistance from competent accountants and lawyers is seldom obtainable, and it is

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hard to obtain access to the essential records of the insiders. More often than not, investors' suits end in settlements that usually fail to right the wrong but may aggravate the situation by piling additional expense on the corporation.

Because these inherent difficulties are fertile soil for abuse, the courts have become suspicious of attempts of minorities to seek legal satisfaction. And this judicial predilection is tantamount to an invitation to the accused insiders to indulge in pious denunciation of all such lawsuits as strike suits or holdup suits, producing an atmosphere of recrimination and vituperation. This vicious circle almost excludes effective court action by investors. Let us turn now to litigation of a public or quasi-public character.

IV

HAS THE GREAT volume of so-called blue-sky legislation passed in recent years by most of our State legislatures given protection to security holders? The insignificant success of these laws was illustrated in 1933 when a Senate investigation showed the need of regulation by the federal government to curb abuses.

We come now to an appraisal of the protection offered by the Securities and Exchange Commission and by the legislation which the Commission is entrusted to enforce.

When President Roosevelt came into office, the New Deal recognized that something had to be done to protect the investor. Under the securities act of 1933, all new issues to be sold in interstate commerce must be registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Every registration statement must contain complete data as specified in some 32 requirements, plus a copy of the prospectus to be issued to the public. There are some exempted issues, notably securities issued by a financial institution subject to authority of a State banking commisioner. Supervision of State banking commissioners, however, has in most cases proved ineffectual. This exemption permits millions of dollars of securities to be sold to small investors in the form of guaranteed certificate plans and investment savings plans, without passing under surveillance of the S.E.C.

The act requires registration only, and registration does not mean the Commission's approval. Although there are penalties for anyone who willfully makes an untrue statement of a material fact or omits essential facts, the Commission *does not and cannot* under the law indicate whether it considers the registered issues *safe* or speculative; whether the capital position of the issuing company is a sound one; or whether the provisions of remuneration are fair to the stockholders. The Commission's sole effective power is the issuance of a stop order for the sale of the securities only in those cases where the facts are not disclosed in the registration statement. In fact, the Supreme Court of the United States, in one of its famous six-to-three decisions, held in the Jones case that, where a person files a registration statement and the S.E.C. wishes to examine him on it, he may withdraw the statement and thus avoid examination. Thus he is not penalized for trying to get by with something.

The major value of the securities act is that it does make available — to anyone who has the ability to read the facts realistically — complete information on every new registered issue of securities. That is all. It must be clearly understood that the commission does not and cannot pass on the desirability of an issue. In fact it causes to be printed on the face of each prospectus this warning:

> IT IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE TO REPRESENT THAT THE COMMISSION HAS APPROVED THESE SECURITIES OR HAS MADE ANY FINDING THAT THE STATEMENTS IN THIS PROSPECTUS OR IN THE REGISTRATION STATEMENT ARE CORRECT.

Nevertheless, the average investor assumes that registration signifies governmental approval, and securities salesmen make no effort to dispel the illusion.

This misapprehension arises from the inherent faith that citizens of a democracy have in their government. They assume that the government, so wise in its dispensations, will investigate the complicated transactions of any given corporation before allowing innocent taxpayers to invest their money. Indeed, this should be the case. Of what value to the investor is an act which rightly requires full information from a corporation but merely creates an archive of complicated financial documents, many of them 100 pages or more of finely printed matter? Though such essential knowledge is available to the ordinary investor, what good can it do him if it resembles so much

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Sanskrit? Lacking the training and ability to understand these documents, the investor must engage expert legal counsel and financial advisers to tell him whether or not the issue is safe. That he can scarcely afford to do.

V

HERE IS a case which illustrates the limited powers of the Securities and Exchange Commission. The facts quoted were presented in the company's registration statement. Since all the facts are given, the Commission has no choice but to permit registration, although any expert would find it a most precarious financial setup.

The X Steel Corporation had a capital and surplus of $752,000 on May 31, 1937. Its principal assets were real estate, buildings, and equipment of $566,000 net worth and inventories of $427,000. Mortgages of $243,000 must be met before November 1, 1942. None of the officers or directors owns any securities of the Company. But Mr. A, a resident of New York City, owned 72 per cent of the stock on May 15, 1937. The prospectus fails to show when he purchased the stock or what he paid for it. Between May 15 and May 31, Mr. A purchased another 22 per cent of the stock for an unstated price, giving him control of 94 per cent of the shares. Although the registration statement is signed by the officers and directors, the signature of the principal stockholder is missing.

In May, 1937, agreements were made with a New York banking firm, whose officers were former executives of S. W. Straus & Company. Under these contracts $660,275 of stock is to be sold to the public; but the Company is to receive only $127,706.25, *less* expenses for issue and sale estimated at $27,989. Thus the Company gets only $99,717.25 from the sale of $660,275 in shares. The discounts or commissions to the underwriters amount to $165,068.75. Now where do the remaining $367,500 go? Believe it or not, the prospectus unblushingly shows that they go in cash to Mr. A, the principal stockholder. No doubt this sum more than reimburses him for the cost of his 94 per cent of shares, and still he retains 25 per cent — which amounts to virtual control.

Only the rare person, however, is competent to ferret out the truth behind the scene. Many intelligent professional men are unable to interpret an involved prospectus. Instead, they rely on the word of an investment banker, and a large sale is often consummated merely by a friendly letter.

For example, this note was written by a member of the firm that handled the X Steel Corporation issue:

> Dear Jack:
>
> I am enclosing a prospectus on X Steel Company stock which we will offer publicly next Tuesday.
>
> After living with this situation for the past several weeks, it looks mighty good to us and I think it is the type of business that should become very interesting. Indications now are that the stock will be well taken.
>
> If after looking over the prospectus you'd like to pick up some of the stock at the offering price of $7 just tell me and I'll try to take care of you when allotments are made Tuesday noon.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> BOB

In the case of securities already issued, the Securities and Exchange Commission requires all companies listed on any exchange to file detailed annual financial reports, as well as all plans for mergers, consolidations, and recapitalization; management and bonus contracts; etc. Yet the commission can do no more than require a full and truthful report. Stockholders naturally — but wrongly — assume that registration implies federal supervision.

On the contrary, registration not only fails to curb the grabbing instincts of the insiders but often provides a legal window dressing, for compliance with the securities act eliminates the charge of shady dealings in secret. One result is that many officers are now being paid even higher salaries than in 1929.

Neither, as Chairman Douglas has said, does registration prevent corporations from presenting oppressive plans for mergers and consolidations; from depriving preferred stock of its accumulated dividends; from proposing inequitable plans for recapitalization; or from making management contracts and bonus arrangements. No matter how flagrant any of these plans may be, the Commission has no right to intervene. Theoretically, the Commission knows all; practically, the Commission does nothing. Meanwhile the facts lie buried in the Commission's files, unless a financial expert for some stockholder digs them out. The law has not gone very far in policing financial brigandage and, until stockholders learn how to use the available facts, the law serves no significant purpose.

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The commission's files show, for example, that in December, 1936, Joseph Schenck, President of Loews, Inc., was voted a salary of $2,500 a week, or $130,000 a year, plus a bonus of 2.5 per cent of the net profits. In addition, the directors gave him the right to purchase 48,490 shares of stock, over a period of 5 years, at $40 a share. When this privilege was granted, the stock was selling at $65 a share. Mr. Schenck's compensation was thus enhanced on a single day by the tidy sum of more than $1,000,000.

Stockholders were notified of this option contract, and a copy was filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. But it is not the job of the Commission to question even such flagrant abuse of corporate funds. Distinctly it is the business of stockholders themselves to organize for the prevention of inside manipulations.

VI

To offset this discouraging picture, another incident is offered. Early in 1937 a well-known chain-store system suddenly confronted its preferred stockholders with a plan for substituting a new issue of common stock. The invitation was accompanied by a letter showing the handiwork of skillful Wall Street counsel and by a financial statement that failed to prove any need for a drastic sacrifice by the preferred stockholders. The company had weathered the depression, and its business was good; although there were dividend arrears on the preferred stock, the amount was not large enough to demand recapitalization.

On the other hand, the equity of the common stockholders amounted to practically nothing. The common stockholders stood to gain everything that would be given up by the owners of preferred shares. Still more interesting, the preferred group had succeeded to their right of electing a majority of the board, because of the unpaid dividends. But, several months before the plan was announced, the insiders dominated by the common stock had won control of the board through the old device of the proxy machine. The result was that a board theoretically controlled by owners of preferred shares was trying to put across an unnecessary plan that would seriously injure the preferred stockholders.

Incensed by the proposal, a small group of preferred stockholders went to work almost at the eleventh hour and circularized all the other owners. Within a few days enough proxies were obtained to block the plan. At the stockholders' meeting the directors backed down and announced that the plan was being withdrawn. The moral of this story is that *investors possess the power to overcome through united action the disastrous consequence of an impotence which in reality is self-imposed.*

In a hundred ways it can be shown that the investor has a new and important role to play in modern financial life. But he needs an organization representing his interests exclusively, one that will safeguard his money by every available legal and financial means. His present inactivity serves only to perpetuate an anachronistic feudal system and to preserve a class of feudal barons.

An investors' protective organization offers the only hope for democratizing our financial system. It must be composed of a vast body of large and small investors, each of whom will pay a nominal fee; but because of its large membership it will be able to afford a highly competent financial staff. The investor-member, instead of falling into every financial trap baited for him, will be warned of the "phonies" among the many thousands of issues put out every year. The organization will serve as his watchdog at stockholders' meetings. It will kill the dictatorship created by the proxy system. Through its power in rousing public opinion, it will become a real force toward legislative protection.

Surely the history of corporation finance has provided abundant evidence of the injuries to investors through lack of an organization to match the devious cunning of the inventors of the proxy machine. Today plans are already under way to establish an organization of investors. It will be directed by men who are not only possessed of outstanding competence but also equipped with social consciousness that precludes any thought of personal gain.

Now that corporations are required to register full and true information with the Securities and Exchange Commission, investors have for the first time what is literally a golden opportunity to watch and control the affairs of the corporations they really own. The means are available. The question is, will investors use them?

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Lost Horizon

by **GERALD HEARD**

Of all our problems today, the riddle of progress is the oddest. Before the World War, progressives believed in progress, reactionaries mocked at it. Now it is the progressives who dismiss it as only a vulgar faith held by backward people. It is common to hear someone say today, "Only an extravert believes in progress."

Yet advance has not stopped. It is increasing with constant acceleration. Our power over our environment — William James's definition of pragmatic truth — is as much beyond that of our parents as theirs was greater than the ancient Romans'. Nor are we overcoming mere physical difficulties. In the struggle for physiological soundness, for health, we also hold the initiative and are pressing our advantage. Tuberculosis is a failing disease, the venereal plagues are in retreat, diabetes and pernicious anemia are now held. These are triumphs of our generation. This is what civilization, with all its faults, can do for the body. Why then this despair among the educated, this wish to retreat away from the city to the savage? Is this cold fit only an attack of nerves, the fault of "excessive sensibility"?

Unfortunately this is not so. The intelligent have grounds for their misgivings. In spite of our increasing power and decreasing bodily disease, something is gravely wrong, something which may neutralize all our outward advances and credits, turning them into retreat and bankruptcy. This is no fancy. There is definite clinical evidence of it. In the United States, where people live free of the acute war anxiety which overshadows the lives of nearly every other industrialized people, even here this writing on the wall is unmistakable. The number of mental patients in this country has risen lately by 4.5 per cent. Further, compared with all other diseases, mental trouble accounts for 173,000,000 "hospital hours," while all the other plagues of mankind fill only 123,000,000.

What this means is clear. We are winning the victory on our front only to lose it at our rear. And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his wits, get everything into his hands but find himself driven out of his mind? Certainly, too, this is an unprecedented state of affairs, and that no doubt accounts for the fact that, in spite of the accuracy of the evidence, we find it hard to believe and even harder to think what we can do about it. The intelligent, it is true, no longer believe in progress; the psychiatrists provide proof of a serious and growing collapse. What is the alternative, how the retreat is to be stemmed, no one seems to suggest. Psychiatry tries to deal with individual cases, to restore outstandingly dislocated persons to a society from which they have become alienated. Revolutionaries try to change the society, leaving the character of the individuals who made that society unchanged. Most of us content ourselves with the dreary repetition of the cliché — "You cannot change human nature."

Nevertheless that is just the fact with which we are confronted. Human nature is changing. To put our problem quite crudely, if paradoxically: Human nature — and no cataclysm of outer nature — has suddenly altered human nature's conditions and human nature is refusing to stand the change. This is a problem which no other civilization has had to confront, and this accounts, no doubt, for our bewilderment. In all previous cultural collapses, such as the Helleno-Roman, economic decline mirrored mental decline. Invention failed as "men's hearts failed them," and social organization went to pieces as the character and nerve of individuals disintegrated. This fact, that past civilizations always showed signs of material breakdown when their hour had come, has of course blinded us to our peculiar crisis. We could not help assuming that physical progress must be a symptom of mental integration. It

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could not be the reverse. We had only to put circumstances right to find consciousness going right of itself. Advance in power over our conditions must mean advance in mental welfare.

The popularity of the "economic interpretation of history" is not owing to Marxism. It is owing to our historical background, which seemed to show without exception that outer success must produce inner success. With us, however, the reverse has now proved to be unmistakably true, and the Marxians, with their determination to make us all sane by giving us more of the drug with which we are already poisoned, can only hasten collapse. Yet what treatment are we to propose instead?

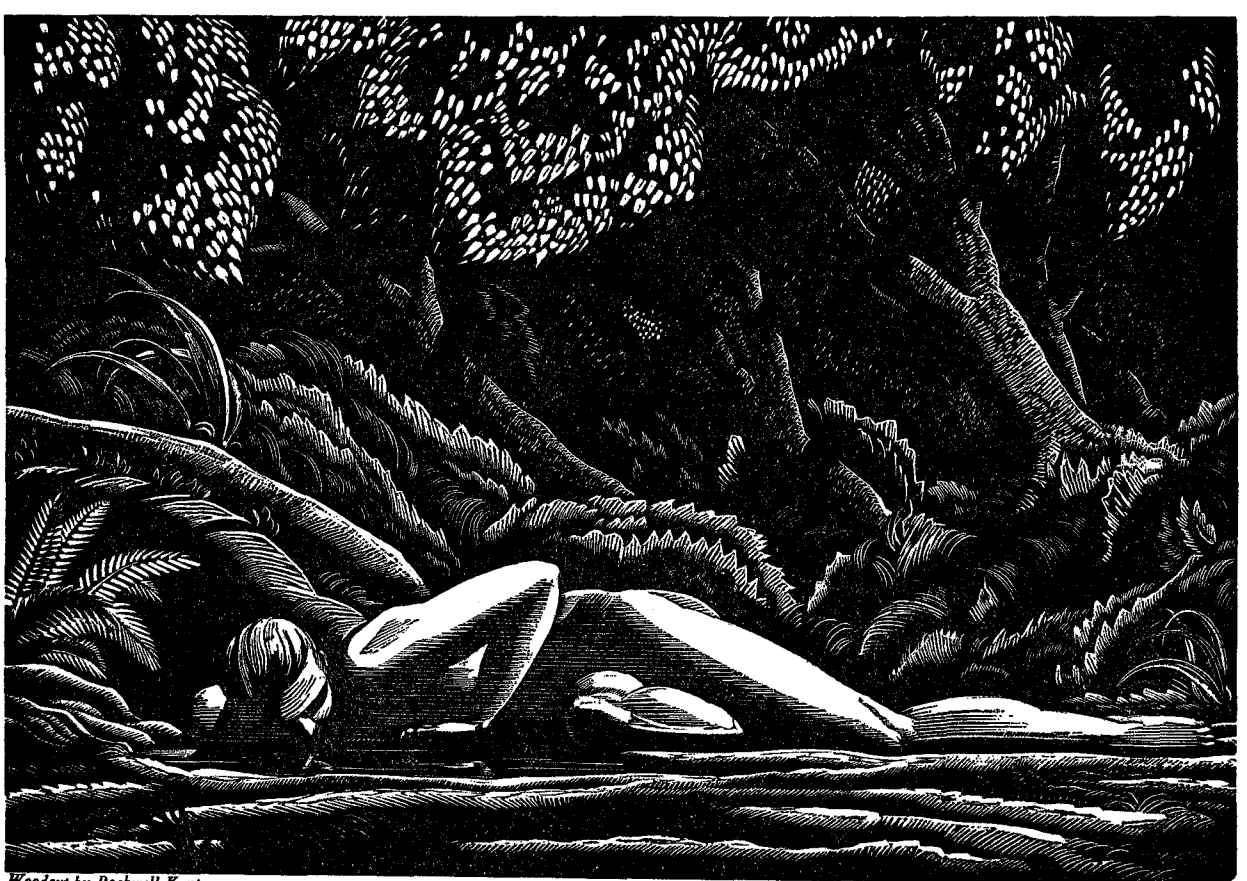
Our Unbalanced Civilization

The first step is to examine critically the actual diagnosis of our condition. Human nature has altered human nature's circumstances and human nature cannot stand it. That can mean only that there has been some sort of fissure in consciousness. Our means are unprecedentedly efficient and precise; our insights and ends have become utterly fogged.

The next step is to realize how new, how modern, is this trouble. Our modern knowledge, knowledge of the outer world, knowledge of the seen, took a sudden leap forward only three centuries ago. Since then it has swept on with ever greater acceleration. Our inner knowledge, knowledge of the seer, has, however, stayed where it was before the outer advance. Before that break-through began, knowledges of the inner and of the outer worlds were at the same level; they balanced. Physical knowledge, just as much as mental knowledge, was then called a mystery. Whether you were tempering steel, "throwing" a pot, firing glass, compounding a prescription, or exploring consciousness, you were pursuing a mystery. Your knowledge and practice were a mixture of traditional craft and personal hunch.

No doubt such a way of carrying on meant a low standard of efficiency in both worlds, but what we have overlooked is that these two standards *agreed*. Low and modest as they were, they resulted in a life in which psychology and physics, means and ends, ideal and reality were linked. A ship may be swamped by having too low gunwales. But it may founder even more quickly if one side is built up far higher than the other and in consequence it capsizes.

Let it be said before going further that so to



Woodcut by Rockwell Kent — *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

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see our problem is not to prescribe retreat. We cannot and we ought not to go back to the Middle Ages. What we have to do is to advance our knowledge of the inner world as we have advanced our knowledge of the outer. That knowledge of the outer world became a science and ceased to be a "mystery" by two stages. The first step was instituting experiment, and the second was, from these experiments, beginning to detect the presence and action of natural laws. Our knowledge of the inner world is still at mystery level. We have to raise and develop it to a science. Our neurosis is due to the fact that our two knowledges, which have to reciprocate, seem to conflict. We appear to be faced with an acute conflict between truth and value. The mind strain from which we are manifestly suffering is, however, not owing to any such thing as the conflict of two realities — that is an impossible state of affairs, for there can be only one reality. Our strain is closely akin to the eyestrain caused by using a pair of spectacles each lens of which has a different focal length. We have not discovered two conflicting truths. We are looking at one part of the heaven of truth with the naked eye and a "pre-Copernican" outlook and at the other through a telescope and with a "post-Copernican" conception of our standpoint.

An increasing number of persons are coming to realize that this is the true nature of our trouble. To be able to cure it, however, we have to go a step further in our diagnosis. We have to realize that our condition is a more complicated disease than would be produced if one side of knowledge simply advanced while the other remained static and rudimentary. Advance through a new method in one half the realm of reality has had very serious repercussions on the old traditional method still employed for keeping in touch with the other half. The old method was largely compounded of intuition, and it is impossible to use analysis and preserve intuition. Further, it is impossible to employ analysis as our method of solving a certain number of problems and not find increasingly impaired our intuitive insight into another set of problems.

Hence as science advanced, as analytic knowledge of the outer world was increasingly successful, intuitional knowledge of the inner world did not stay at its rudimentary level — it retreated; it began to disappear. Men found it ever more difficult to keep their minds in watertight compartments, "to believe one thing all the week and something quite different on Sundays." Hence, lay folk tended to accept "with a smile or sigh" the presumption that religion is essentially unreal; and, on the other hand (what has seldom been noticed but is quite as serious), churchmen, not free to surrender so easily, yet just as cut off from any exact and scientific approach to their problem and also denied intuition by the spirit of the age, could only become increasingly dogmatic.

We may then say that what until three centuries ago had been a single field of twilight knowledge has now become two fields. One is the steadily lightening field of science of the outer world; the other is the steadily deepening and darkening field of the subconscious. Into this darkening area, like a city built on a submerging countryside, has sunk all our inner knowledge. There lies our lost horizon. Our insight into the inner world is not merely where it was five centuries ago. It is steadily lapsing deeper and slipping beyond our grasp. In short, both psychological history and anthropology show us today that there are two ways of facing reality as a whole, with its two aspects of the inner and outer worlds. One is to use the intuitive method consistently; the other is to use the analytic method consistently. What is fatal and what is our peculiar accident (and what if we do not solve it swiftly will be our tragedy) is the using of one method for apprehending one side of reality and the other method for the other side. That produces the severe mental strain which we see has already filled our asylums to overflowing and may, if it is not remedied, give rise to mass neurosis.

Lost Knowledge

Our problem is just this — that the subconscious becomes deeper and more inaccessible as the conscious mind becomes more competent, commonplace, and shallow; we have to restore the balance between them, we have to recreate the original unity and, instead of two levels of consciousness, fissured from each other, to re-establish a single range of apprehension. This task should not prove impossible, though it cannot be easy.

Our first inquiry should be to see whether, since the analytic method, the method of experiment, led to such advances in knowledge of

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the outer world, the same method, applied to the inner world might lead to results as fruitful. If that should prove to be so, then we could say there is no conflict between science and religion because religion can become scientific. And there can be little doubt that, though technique may differ, yet it is possible to use experiment in the field of the inner world. We may go further and say that such experiment will disclose natural laws working here in the depths of the outside. That religion may become a science is not fanciful. For science is not materialism or mechanism but empiricism. The same method of unbiased study, observation, and experiment which saved the physical sciences from a dead tradition (Aristotelianism), at the beginning of the modern age, may also save the still rudimentary sciences of the spirit from the cramp of that same tradition.

These sciences of the spirit must, however, accept a similar austere training. Science today rules (and this self-denying ordinance is only an extension of the "razor" of Occam, a razor forged indeed long before Occam's time) that "science can only be concerned with observables." This means that theology must be postponed in favor of psychology. But, on the other hand, this psychology must be a real and full psychology. It must not be an attempt to reduce consciousness to "epiphenomenalism," to dismiss it as a by-product given off by the working body. Such an attempt to make the mind explain itself away was always inadmissible to accurate thinkers. Now, when physics itself is no longer able to be content with a three-dimensional "frame of reference," it becomes obviously absurd to every onlooker to attempt to force psychology into such confines.

The psychology which we require must, from the nature of its own case and from the state of scientific advance as a whole today, be a four-dimensional psychology. Further, although theology must remain a postponed subject, the psychological discoveries made in theological terms in the past must be decoded and rendered in the vernacular. We must find the psychological equivalent of every working traditional technique which men in the past found gave them sanity, balance, and initiative, as today the pharmacist collects the herbs used in Oriental medicine, isolates the active factor, and often succeeds in producing a new drug.

The more we use the anthropological approach to our own past, the more we discover that, under terms which seem incomprehensible and repellent, methods were being used by the religious which gave valuable results at that time and place. To take over those methods uncritically (as would reactionaries) is certainly mistaken and probably impossible. To reject them as unworthy of a modern's attention is as dangerous. We have discovered what materialism attempted to deny and rationalism declared ridiculous, the immense power of the mind over the body when the deeper levels of consciousness can be involved.

But the same honesty which compelled that recognition drives us further. We have to own that the best examples of religious activity in this field — say for example in faith healing — rare though they are, surpass what has been achieved by scientifically defined and employed hypnosis. We have to ask: What is this extra factor which faith today, even in a period in which faith is increasingly difficult to generate, can produce? This thing, it is obvious, is still an art, not a science, and (what is more serious) it is a dying art, for the intuition whereby it is effected is, we have seen, disappearing. We do not know the laws by which such powers operate.

The Mind's Eye View

If, then, we will be prepared to keep open the frontiers of psychology and to explore the rare faculties with even more care than the commonplace, we may hope to restore much that we have lost. We may obtain a science of the mind which both covers all the phenomena and also renders them in terms of natural law.

In short, there is no more progress to be made in the outer world until we know more of the inner. What pure science must demand today — even if our social chaos and individual neuroses were not demanding it even more urgently — is then nothing less than this — an enlargement of consciousness, a method whereby man may not merely increase his power over himself by knowledge of himself and of the nature of mind but may and may only by that knowledge of himself gain a new apprehension of external reality. By climbing the purgatorial mountain within himself, man, when he reaches the summit, will be able to turn about and from that station perceive in the outer world a new and vaster horizon.

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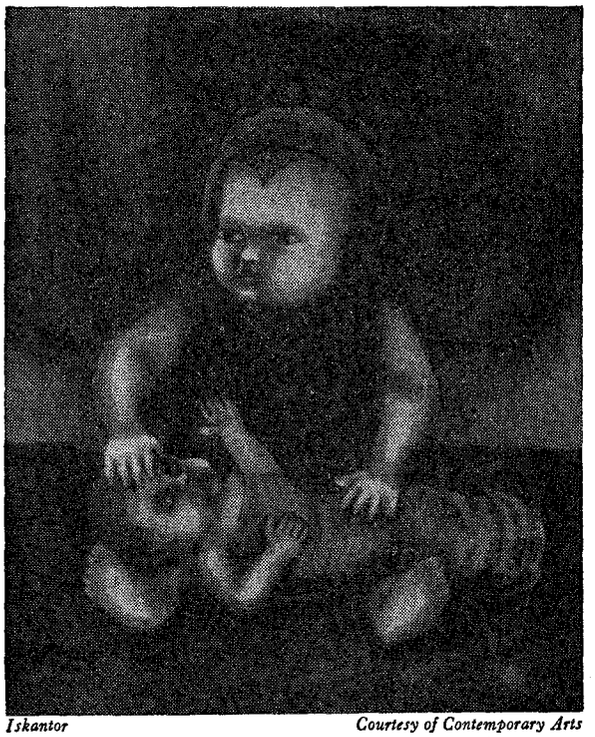
The Artist's Point of View

"Contemporary Arts" Introduces the Younger Artists



Iskantor — *Courtesy of Contemporary Arts*

The Rubber-Doll Family

THERE IS a modern crusader in New York City who for a dozen years has been trying valiantly to compensate for society's cold-blooded indifference to its own living genius in the persons of its younger artists. To give artists with something to contribute to the national culture the recognition of a first one-man show — that has been the goal. Contemporary Arts* is the official name, but behind the name is the unquenchable fire burning in the heart of Emily A. Francis.

The American way has been and still is, except where government has stepped in, to train hundreds of thousands of art students, often subsidizing study with scholarships, then to precipitate these hopefuls into the arena of private enterprise and let them die or live with complete detachment. *Survival of the fittest* as a national policy seems good to some minds; but, when *fittest* is normally interpreted with reference to skill in the acquisition of cash rather than to power of creating, it is the fittest in this last department who are doomed. Miss Francis believes it is important to discover and conserve native genius while it is alive and growing. Since 1931, Contemporary Arts has given an even 50 artists their first one-man shows.

In January, Contemporary Arts presented Iskantor for his third exhibit since 1931.

Iskantor is not famous; his show did not draw impressive reviews or crowds; the Metropolitan Museum did not buy his work. Furthermore, I do not consider him a great artist nor his vision and expression unduly profound. Nevertheless, the fact that Contemporary Arts is presenting artists like Iskantor to a public which would otherwise ignore them I see as a notably constructive and socially valuable event.

Iskantor's vision of the world about him is that of the dreamer deeply moved by the qualities of things. He sees ordinary objects — flowers, books, tables, a chicken picking for scraps beside an old orange crate topped by discarded flowers. He sees his daughter's dolls, not as mere toys but as personalities in their own right, living in the world of a child's quick imagination. He purifies these of all dross. He re-creates them in the Kantorian harmonic terms (Morris Kantor is his brother). The presentation is important just because we Americans so desperately need to know how to respond to this re-creating and harmonizing process.

In *The Rubber Doll Family*, shown herewith, Iskantor has re-created subject into his own expression and color harmony. These are the first essentials of modern painting — first proofs of the escape from copying nature which still marks the naturalistic school. Beyond these first essentials he goes but a little way. Color is limited to one color chord, without deep consciousness of the rich interplay of subharmonies within harmonies. And there is little feeling for interplay of space, dark-light, texture, and form. But the initial steps are here ready to be experienced.

All honor to the Miss Francises of the country who are conserving the rich lodes of human ore in their own communities. Also let's thank them for the priceless opportunity they present to us for making *our own* decisions.

RALPH M. PEARSON

* *38 West 57th Street, New York City*

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$1,000 Prize Poetry Contest

ARE there American poets today who can kindle us in a cause?

To find out, THE FORUM has organized a prize competition for the most compelling poems *challenging the American people to be alert to their liberties.*

A total of $1,000 will be awarded in prizes.

* * *

What do you feel about this thing called liberty? What you *think* about it is probably what you learned from schoolbooks. But what do you *feel?* For, in the last analysis, events are determined not by intellectual conclusions but by spiritual reactions. This nation won an independent existence not by some process of abstract thought but because her men and women *burned* for liberty. And now the terrifying complications of a machine civilization have bred new forces which threaten the kind of government we call democracy and, with it, our hard-won and long-cherished freedom. Where are the poets who can make us burn again for liberty?

In relating this poetry competition to the major world issue of the day, the Editors are not seeking to offer a theme but merely to strike a keynote. The poet must stir those deep emotions that in the past have made men willing to suffer hardship or even death to achieve or maintain their free institutions. He will do well to keep in mind the inner meaning of free institutions — the chance they give the individual to grow in mind and spirit and to give his fellow men the unique product of his own experience, knowledge, imagination, aspiration, and fellow feeling. It is hoped to secure clear, uncomplicated texts which may be set to music.

* * *

The Editors hope that many leading American poets will be moved to enter the competition. They are aware, however, that stirring verse may come from undergraduates in college or from boys and girls in high school. The competition has therefore been divided into groups, with prizes for each, as follows:

A — General Public	B — College Undergraduates	C — Secondary-School Students
1st Prize $300	1st Prize $150	1st Prize $100
2nd Prize $150	2nd Prize $100	2nd Prize $ 60
3rd Prize $ 50	3rd Prize $ 50	3rd Prize $ 40

Writers' Conference Fellowship

The Olivet Writers' Conference, of Olivet College, Michigan, offers a fellowship for 1939, covering all costs of the Conference, to the prize-winning contestant who, in the opinion of the Conference admissions committee, seems most likely to benefit by attendance at the Conference.

Consolation Prizes

A copy of "The Complete Rhyming Dictionary," edited by Clement Wood, will be awarded to each of the 50 contestants who seem most likely to profit by it.

Padraic Colum
Judges—William Allan Neilson
Carl Van Doren

Instructions: — *No poem is to exceed 40 lines in length. Manuscripts must be addressed to the Poetry Contest Editor;* THE FORUM; *570 Lexington Avenue; New York City; and must be mailed before midnight of June 30, 1938. Under no circumstances will any manuscript be returned or its receipt acknowledged. Manuscripts must be clearly marked with the name and address of the contestant and with the group letter (A, B, or C) of the class in which the poem is being entered. Contestants in class B or C must state name of college or school attended.* ***In order to qualify for a prize, the contestant must accompany his submission with a remittance of 25 cents in stamps.***

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

THE FRONTIER Between Prose and Poetry was the topic of six leading American poets at the twenty-eighth annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America in New York on January 20. Padraic Colum, the new president, presented a medal to the retiring president, Henry Goddard Leach.

U. S. CONSULTANT IN POETRY

JOSEPH AUSLANDER has been appointed Consultant in Poetry in the English Language to the Library of Congress. He averages two days a week in Washington advising the Library on its collections and spends his free time in field work, which includes writing, editing, lecturing, and expositions. Mr. Auslander hopes to develop in the Library a treasure room of original manuscripts of great American poems. He has made several startling discoveries of forgotten documents hidden in private collections and is inviting patrons of poetry to donate important manuscripts to the Library.

1,628 WOMEN POETS

MARGERY MANSFIELD, in a volume entitled AMERICAN WOMEN POETS 1937 (Harrison, $4.50), has completed the exacting task of collecting and editing representative verse of 1,628 living American women poets — verse that has not appeared in any other anthology. Apparently there is not a piece that is lame or unworthy or without merit in this monumental work. There is solace and companionship in this volume for any housewife who practices any one of the arts.

This is the second volume of annual collections of women's verse issued by Henry Harrison, poetry publisher. This month the same house publishes FLORIDA POETS 1937 ($1.50) and THE DUST THAT WAS, by J. C. Lindberg ($1.50). The verse from Florida is true to its orange cover — bright with sunshine and hope. More rugged is the verse of South Dakota, where Mr. Lindberg pioneered for the arts.

The most distinguished anthology of the month is THIS IS THEIR ACRE (Amherst $1.25). The title is taken from the first line of a sonnet by David Morton which recently appeared in THE FORUM. This thin volume consists of selections from seven Amherst poets — Bianchi, Dickinson, Francis, Frost, Morton, Theobald, Whicher. Here is *poetry* as distinguished from *verse* — the very quintessence of New England observation, tenderness, and reticence.

NARRATIVE

NARRATIVE verse is coming back again. Several of our magazines, including *Scribner's* and *Esquire*, are hospitable to stories in meter. Hardly a month passes that a publishing house does not put out a one-poem book. This month we have two: THE DAY'S WORK, by Oscar Brynes (Harcourt, Brace, $1.25), and THE LEGEND OF GHOST LAGOON, by Joseph Schull (Macmillan, $2.75).

Robinson Jeffers celebrates naked selfishness in an age of synthetic idealism, but this younger poet, Oscar Brynes, throws into high relief the skill and desperate bravery of the burglars who snitched the bags of gold from the great armored car. These contemporary Robin Hoods are sung in no riming ballad cadences but in lines of accent, alliteration, and assonance as sharp and metallic and terrifying as the reports of a machine gun.

The Legend of Ghost Lagoon is the work of a 31-year-old "natural." This gusty and boisterous tale of the Spanish Main swings along in regular four-beat couplets.

MORE NEW VERSE

Every man's a lover
Every maid a bride,
When they pass a wild rose
By the wayside.

THE above are the writer's favorite lines from the work of a consecrated artist, in SPIDER ARCHITECT, by Mary Sinton Leitch (Putnam, $2.00). HONEY OUT OF HEAVEN, by Amanda Benjamin Hall (Kaleidograph, $1.50), is a collection of the delicate and sensitive lyrics of this frequent winner of poetry prizes. STAY MY CHARIOT, by Elizabeth Jane Astley (Kaleidograph, $1.50), is a conscientious and companionable sheaf of verse. COSSACK LAUGHTER, by Fania Kruger (Kaleidograph, $1.50), is the reticent record of the girlhood sorrows of an American Russian Jew. POEMS 1936–1937 (Fortuny, $1.00) is an exhibit of the conscientious workmanship of the New York Poetry Group. POEMS, by Dorothy Randolph Byard (Pell, $1.00), is a de luxe example of the current popular technique of brochures of verse interpreted by drawings.

NEW EDITIONS

THE Oxford University Press has sent us a compact standard-size edition of THE POEMS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON ($1.50). Harcourt, Brace and Howe have collected the earlier poems of Carl Sandburg in an edition entitled SMOKE AND STEEL ($2.75). This sturdy volume reminds us that Sandburg is still our most vigorous living poet.

MORE POETRY AND PARSNIPS

To the Editor:

The writer of Poetry and Parsnips [George Gullette, in the December FORUM] has expressed himself on a good subject — but has he done it justice? I heartily agree with much that he says, making allowances for such exaggeration as springs from a desire to clarify and emphasize his point. The use of Whitman's own words to explain away the necessity for poetry was carrying the matter a little far, it seems to me. It is precisely this perfected utterance of our own inarticulate ideas which gives the poet his value.

First of all the argument is based on a true premise — that poetry, for us moderns, is pretty dead. Why is it dead? Our writer answers, *because it is*, or that is what his argument amounts to. I say that poetry is in itself something quite apart from life or death as we understand them, but that it may make no appeal to the spiritual nature of man. If it does not, either the spirit or the poetry may be called *dead*. This is a matter of relativity.

I like nature, too, and think that no poet ever described a sunset as God painted it, or a tree in blossom as one's own eyes have frequently conceived it. Moreover, I do not think that any good poet pretends that he has. He, too, is human, and has respect for his own spiritual and emotional responses.

LINDEN DALBERG

See preceding page for announcement of $1,000 prize poetry contest

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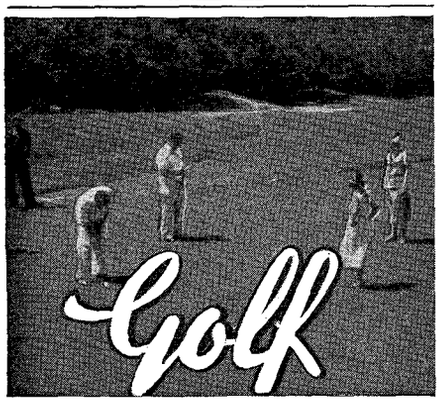

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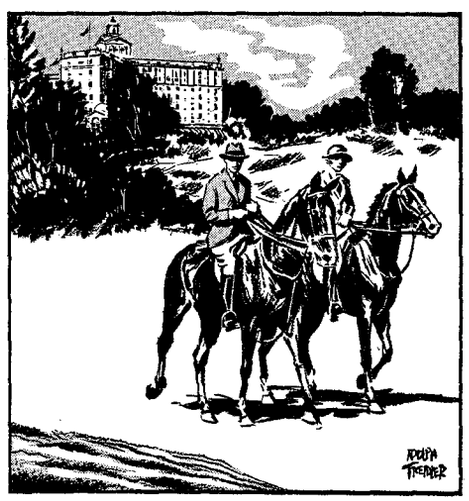

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BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY IN F MAJOR "PASTORAL" — Arturo Toscanini and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Victor, M, AM 417. Five records, *$10.00*).

GRIEG: CONCERTO IN A MINOR FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA — Walter Gieseking, piano, with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Hans Rosebaud (Columbia Set 313. Four records, $6.00). Odd side contains two Grieg piano compositions, "An der Wiege" and "Franzosische Serenade."

DEBUSSY: PIANO MUSIC — Walter Gieseking (Columbia Set 314. Two 10" and 4 12" records, $8.00).

EARLY ORGAN MUSIC. Music by Francesco Landino, Joh. Jakob Froberger, Paul Hofhaimer, Fridolin Sicher, Antonio A. Cabezon, François Couperin, William Byrd, Jan Pieters Sweelinck, Jean Titelouze, Johann Pachelbel, and Dietrich Buxtehude — Carl Weinrich, organist (Musicraft Album 9. Four records, $6.50).

BACH: PASSACAGLIA IN C MINOR — Carl Weinrich, organist (Musicraft Album 10. Two records, $3.50).

BOYCE: EIGHT SYMPHONIES — New York Simfonietta, conducted by Max Goberman (Timely Set 1-K. Nine 10" records, $13.00).

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SYMPHONIES. Works by Locatelli, Pergolesi, and Stamitz — New York Simfonietta, conducted by Max Goberman. (Timely Set 2-R. Four records, $8.00).

THE list of records released for February is so imposing-looking that I thought for a moment it was prepared as a greeting to this new department. Its most impressive item is the Toscanini "Pastoral," a thrilling performance. The legendry constantly accruing to this conductor's name inclines me to be cautious. Yet one cannot be cautious after hearing him conduct, in the concert hall, on the radio, or on records. His genius is appalling. He continues to do the unbelievable. Recently he gave us Rossini's Overture to Semiramide (Victor M 408), which I thought was the final word in recorded performance. And now this Pastoral! It is alive, moving, and joyous, everything which the Pastoral Symphony should be. It is Beethoven and Toscanini — and Toscanini in a rare mood. Nothing more need be said, except, perhaps, that Victor has recorded the symphony in a manner that pays tribute to their genius.

FOR a long time there has been a crying need for a good version of the Grieg Concerto on records. Columbia offers one by Gieseking, who, after making a reputation for himself by playing miniatures, is now turning to the concertos of more amplitude. His Grieg Concerto is played brilliantly. In the poetic sections, he has an amazing command over the keyboard. He starts a phrase at one intensity, builds it up to another, and ends it with still a third. The resultant variety gives his music an endearing freshness. But his sweep at the opening of the first movement is too hurried; he seems to be rushing to the more romantic section which follows. This passage should be more deliberate and provocative, so as to set it off from the rest of the movement. In the swift sections, Gieseking's execution is flawless; his control is as firm and effective as in the poignant poetic episodes. The records are made well, and the orchestral accompaniment is competent, if not brilliant.

ANOTHER Gieseking set shows him in even better light. In the Debussy music he returns to the miniatures which are the perfect vehicles for his ability to construct phrases of constantly varying color. The set includes: Suite Bergamasque, The Engulfed Cathedral, The Children's Corner Suite, Evening in Granada, and Reflections in the Water. Played by a master, the inherent palatable and engaging qualities of this music are endowed with the added virtue of charm. As this is the perfect medium for Gieseking's art and the records have been carefully made, it follows that this is a significant set.

THE appearance of Musicraft and Timely on the record-making scene is a threat to the supremacy of their competitors. While their rivals make frequent excursions into chamber-music literature, they concern themselves singularly with the recording of this genre. Consequently, they are bringing to public attention many unusual compositions. Musicraft's great achievement to date is the albums of the Bach Passacaglia and the Early Organ Music. For the first time, the organ is well recorded. Weinrich, a consummate artist, plays the organ of the Westminster Choir School, Princeton, New Jersey. The music he has selected is a distinct adjunct to the record literature. His Passacaglia is the best version of the work which I have heard on records. It is the only way in which Bach's organ music ought to be played. When there are organists like Weinrich, transcriptions are absurd. The Early Organ Music is more than documentary. Bach's predecessors had much to say; and their messages, although in strict — and often dull — polyphonic forms, are exciting when interpreted through Weinrich.

TIMELY has been exhuming music from the eighteenth century. The Boyce symphonies, transcribed for modern chamber orchestra by the eminent English critic and composer, Constant Lambert, show off one of Handel's contemporaries. Boyce's style is similar in certain respects to Handel's, although it is much less graceful, and it also anticipates some of Haydn. The symphonies are charming. Most of them require less than seven minutes to play and they can all be heard in one evening.

IN the album of Eighteenth Century Symphonies, Timely has a genuine contribution to the field. These works are not symphonies in the current sense of the word. They are the forerunners of the modern symphony. Locatelli's is a Concerto Grosso, Pergolesi's is a Concertino, and Stamitz' is a String Quartet for orchestra. Each is great music, precipitating the music of the masters whose names are more familiar. Stamitz' work is remarkable. It is free, robust, and limpid. Its humor is less forced and ponderous than Beethoven's.

The Timely records and the Musicraft records are competently made, and I look forward to more unusual things from both.

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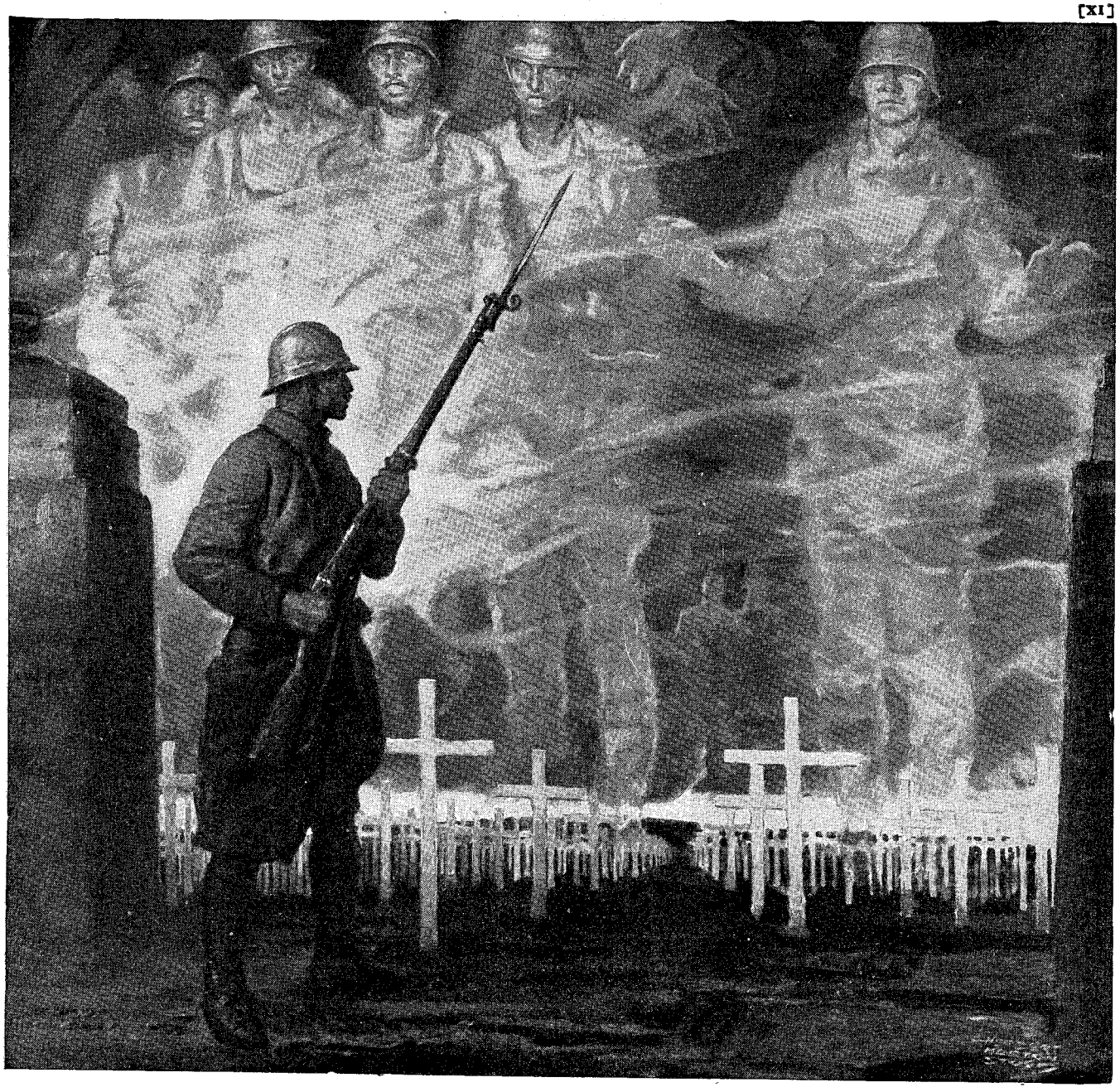

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TOASTS

SUTHERLAND DENLINGER is a staff writer of the *New York World-Telegram*. He has previously written for THE FORUM an article on Father Divine and one on New York City's Mayor La Guardia.

ALONZO F. MYERS has been a teacher during most of his adult life and is at present Professor of Education at New York University. He lectures extensively outside the classroom and is the author of several books on education.

HELEN REYNOLDS, like Mr. Myers, has been a teacher throughout her career. She is a native of Ohio and is now on leave from her position at Ohio University.

WILLIAM MARIAS MALISOFF, who debated on astrology in THE FORUM last August, is engaged in research on dispersing deposits in aging arteries.

GEORGE REHM studied landscape architecture at the University of Illinois before the War and, after serving abroad, went into newspaper work in this country and later in Paris. At present he is living and writing on Long Island.

The author of "Servants Are Humans" informs us that, since writing her article she has left domestic service "to become an assistant cook in one of New York's swankiest tea rooms," adding, "Though my present wage is small and the nerve and speed tension is terrific, I still much prefer this present job because *here* I am regarded as a human being."

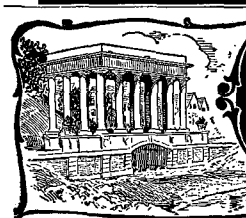
ROBERT A. MILLIKAN, one of the world's greatest living scientists, who has been honored by degrees from twenty colleges and universities here and abroad, is Chairman of the Executive Council of the California Institute of Technology.

GEORGE EDINGER'S humorous story, "'Freud' at Oxford," is reprinted through the co-operation of *The Listener*, an organ of the British Broadcasting Company.

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY is Alabama born and educated and has been writing professionally for about thirteen years.

BERNARD J. REIS is a Certified Public Accountant whose business is located in New York City. He is the author of *False Security: The Betrayal of the American Investor*.

GERALD HEARD, who has contributed to THE FORUM previously, is the author of the recently published *The Source of Civilisation*.



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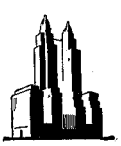

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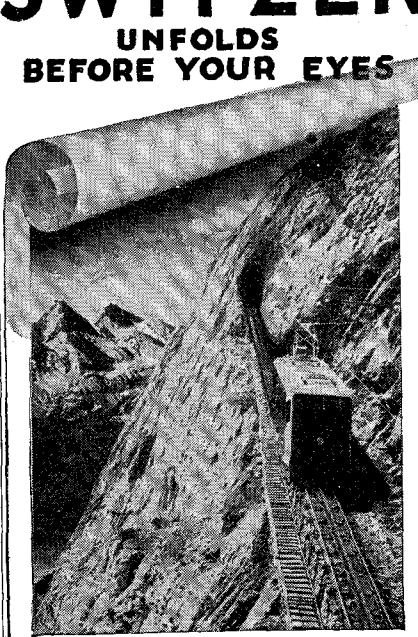

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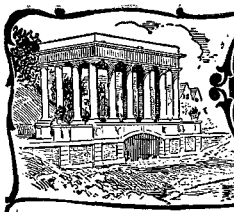

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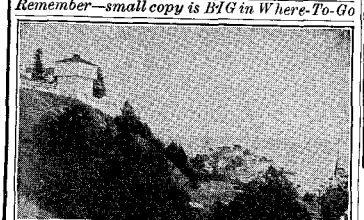

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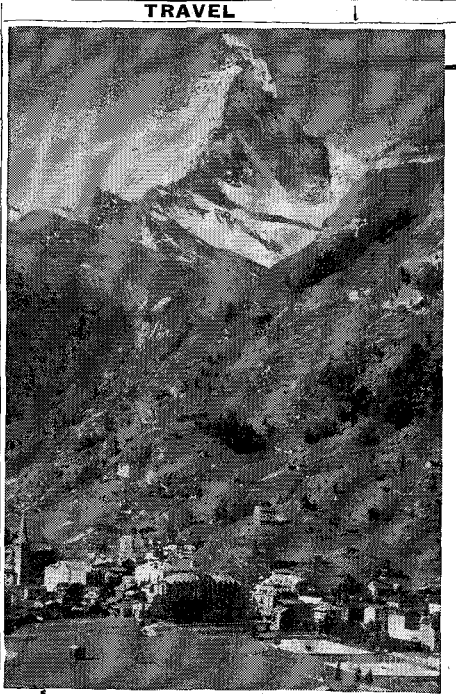

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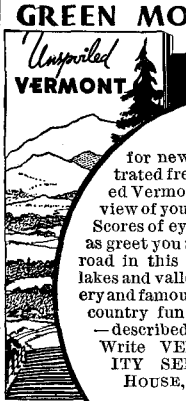

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THE SELF YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH — Winfred Rhoades (Lippincott, $1.75).

IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE — Matthew N. Chappell (Macmillan, $1.75).

PERSONALITY IN FORMATION AND ACTION — William Healy (Norton, $2.00).

BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL — Marius Fortie (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50).

WAR IN CHINA — Varian Fry (Foreign Policy Association, $0.95).

ADONAIS — Dorothy Hewlett (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50).

MARK TWAIN — Edgar Lee Masters (Scribner, $2.75).

THAT we live by a sort of coalition government of body and mind the experts tend to agree: we should all be healthy, well-balanced individuals if the one weren't forever intriguing against and bringing subversive pressure on the other. The spirit particularly has a way of selling out the flesh, so that we suffer what used to be called imaginary ailments. Again the learned doctors agree: these ills, far from being imaginary, are all too distressingly real. Nervous indigestion and hysterical blindness, fears, nightmares, and headaches are no more illusory than a slashed finger. The great question, then, is how to cure the sick mind that in turn makes a sick body.

Well, there are three main camps of militant specialists, all of whom rise to smite the embattled reader this month.

Most venerable of the systems of mental health is that which has its base in the church. Karl Menninger (a follower of Freud) remarks that "religion has been the world's psychiatrist throughout the centuries." And, although Winfred Rhoades will have no truck with the Freudians, he does believe in faith and prayer as aids to keeping whole and robust. In *The Self You Have to Live With*, he points out that nervousness and worry, with their whole caravan of aches and pains, begin in some sort of emotional maladjustment. The first step toward adjustment is to relax and take stock: things seldom look hopeless, he says, if you are as limp as the cat basking before the fire. The next is to adopt a positive attitude — courageously and with determination to say, "I think I can." But, since it is so difficult to think you can in a lonely and hostile world, religion offers the assurance of sustaining strength. The reason why faith should set free from their ills many of the followers of this method of "psychotherapy" is not particularly Mr. Rhoades's concern. His way is rather to show examples of what has been accomplished with the aid of belief and to outline simply what that belief involves.

EQUALLY scornful of Freud and all his works is Matthew N. Chappell, author of *In the Name of Common Sense.* True to its title, this little handbook for confirmed worriers pounces on the problem from a strictly practical springboard. Worrying is a bad habit — something you learn by constant repetition, till it becomes almost automatic. Ergo, the cure comes from forgetting how to worry — letting grass grow in the habitual nerve paths. There are exercises for relaxing, regimens for the troubled mind, and a whole program of restoratives guaranteed to work, even for the unbeliever. Which is not to say that Dr. Chappell is a miracle monger. Patience, rather than will power and courage so-called, is the specific in this remedy. In fact, nothing can upset a half-cured worrier so effectively as a dose of will power. Next worst is a sympathetic family, full of pity and tact. The trenchant and orderly advice Dr. Chappell offers should appeal to all those who want to put neither their trust in the supernatural nor their foot into the subconscious.

BY this time worry should be something easily recognizable, you may think. But to William Healy it is just a loose term for many complicated, hidden troubles which he digs up and exhibits in *Personality in Formation and Action.* His is the psychoanalytic approach to all those pains and fears that ruin sleep and rack the frame. Tracing them back, he finds their origin in tensions and inhibited activity, in the dark and secret control rooms of the mind. Although he too has his case histories, Dr. Healy never uses them as stamps for a passport to happiness. Since he believes that understanding is the first step toward change, his book explores rather than guides. Much of it dwells on the problems of children and how they can be helped to better adjustment in a complex society. The anti-Freudians to the contrary, this is a persuasive and illuminating study.

AT the turn of the century, a nineteen-year-old Italian boy named Marius Fortie began in East Africa a career of extraordinary adventure. He learned

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jungle ways, learned Swahili, the language of the country, and he soon became a skilled trader, trusted by the black people, who stirred him with a kind of profound fervor of brotherhood. *Black and Beautiful* is Marius Fortie's autobiographical account of the rich, eventful years he spent trafficking up and down the obscure trails of this land, both before and after European "civilizing" had pushed Africa close to the edge of doom. With him, as he trudged thousands of miles through swamp and desert, went one and another of the native women who bore him children and comforted his spirit. Like some Joseph Conrad hero come alive, he went to the dark countries in pursuit of a shadowy ideal — hoping to drown out in the exuberant life forces of Africa the insanity he believed he had inherited. And so his safaris were not just extremely successful trade expeditions full of color and danger. They were rather pilgrimages made in confidence that he was fulfilling some grave destiny.

The skeptical reader may suspect that Marius, grown old, has written into the young pioneer more of romantic purpose than existed to begin with. But the seeds of his mission are certainly there. His love of his African friends is there too, and his eloquent distress over the havoc that white government has spread, with its greed, its taxes, its incomprehensible laws. Told with a kind of guileless but virile charm, this lifetime of startling adventures is wholly credible.

It is hard to keep up with Sino-Japanese affairs these days, and we turn with real interest to a brief summary of the important but scattered facts about China, that tormented Titan of the Far East. *War in China*, written for the Foreign Policy Association by Varian Fry, is this handy synopsis. What it lacks in footnotes and dates and data it makes up in clarity. In earlier contributions to the F.P.A.'s series on the Orient, T. A. Bisson has set a very high standard indeed, and, rather than seek to rival Mr. Bisson's original observations, Mr. Fry has gathered into readable form the most relevant of the facts.

What is the United States to do about China? This he asks after presenting a thumbnail history of the Far East, from the Ming dynasty (and earlier) to the Panay affair. The alternatives, he says, are: boycott of Japanese goods, military intervention (which he believes futile, not to say suicidal), peaceful evolution (hardly a bright suggestion in the midst of a major war), isolation (which, although Mr. Fry does not say so, would appear a perfect solution from Japan's point of view), or collective action (that is, united efforts of the democratic countries to preserve order). Mr. Fry's animated brochure will rouse discussion and give Americans to reflect on the attempted subjugation of a great people.

This month there is a new life of John Keats, *Adonais*, by Dorothy Hewlett. Piecing together the recent discoveries about Fanny Brawne, Keats' wife-to-be, and other odds and ends dug up by the many scholars in the field, Miss Hewlett

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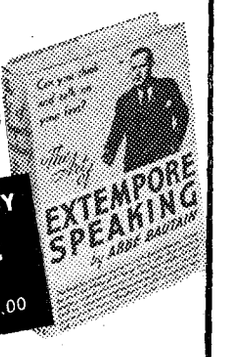

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has written a factual and hence valuable book for any lover of the young Cockney poet.

Tactful admiration and an almost motherly warmth serve to make *Adonais* more than just a compendium of information. It is personal and tender — even to the point of appearing to defend Keats, which to some of us living a hundred years after the fact seems an act of supererogation. Be that as it may, the book is less contentious than Amy Lowell's, and, if we recall those two ponderous volumes, less possessive.

To place Keats against the social background of his times is the particular task of this latest biography, and it succeeds at least in part. The countryside through which he walked with such intense delight is painted with real care, and the human friendships are recreated, and the urban scenes. Society, however, as we have been conditioned to think of it in these days of sociological emphasis, plays a less important role in the life story than the author's announced purpose leads us to expect. Rather let us say she has succeeded in placing Keats in the colorful and animated Georgian scene but left the task of showing what if any relation existed between him and the dynamic social forces of those early eighteen hundreds. When such a book is written, its author will rely heavily on Dorothy Hewlett's attentive account of Keats, the gregarious animal, the lover, and perforce the poet.

Two of the world's most bitter satirists are most beloved by children. Arrogant Jonathan Swift, who set out to destroy the foibles of a world he loathed, ended by writing a nursery tale. Mark Twain, whose immature Middle Westerness led him to jibe at the aesthetically good as well as the morally bad in his extravagant era, survives as the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn to the boy in the street. It has been the delight of researchers to explain the psychological twists that account for this popularity, so grotesquely unlike the fame they yearned for. Both were men at odds with their times, and the fact that they did not know why has made most of their books inconsequential to a later generation.

The malaise of America's greatest humorist is the theme of Edgar Lee Masters' *Mark Twain*. Here emerges a man who perennially, like his Tom Sawyer, set out on adventures which more often than not were searches for the pot of gold at the foot of a baker's dozen rainbows. Usually he found it. Samuel Clemens the wildcat investor is inextricably linked up with young Sam of Hannibal, Missouri, whose ambition was to be a clown. When the one didn't pay, the other often did. Just as wildcat as the mining stock he bought were his investments in pretentious intellectual schemes. No one cares today what Mark Twain thought about Joan of Arc or Bacon or Mary Baker Eddy.

Firmly Mr. Masters punctures many of the balloons that Mark Twain peddled; at the same time he recognizes in the peddler one who was none the less a genius. Not a biography but a portrait, this book gives a highly individualized interpretation of the boy from Missouri whose permanence in our tradition depends not on his mistakes but on his achievements.

M. L. ELTING

(Beginning on page 212, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.)

THE CAISSONS ROLL — Hanson W. Baldwin (Knopf, $2.50).

A VISION — William Butler Yeats (Macmillan, $3.50).

STARTING POINT — Cecil Day Lewis (Harper, $2.50).

THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES — Georges Duhamel, translated by Béatrice de Holtoir (Holt, $3.50).

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The Dangerous Age in Men
Homosexuality
Cruelty and Pain in Relation to Sex
Hermaphroditism
Sexual Abstinence
Sex Intercourse and Health
The Choice of a Mate
Preparation for Marriage
Fertility and Sterility
Divorce
Monogamy; Polygamy
The Nature of Birth Control
The Question of Abortion
Frequency of Coitus
The Sexual Athlete: Satyriasis; Nymphomania
Jealousy
Married Love
Psychoanalytic Concepts of Sex
Pre-marital Knowledge and Experience
Modesty; Nudism
Childbirth: Sex Life during Pregnancy; Immediately After
Sexual Feeling in Women
Sex Practice in Marriage
Methods and Technique of Coitus
Sexual Pleasure and Conception
Positions in Coitus
Sex Life and Nervous Disorders
Sexual Difficulties
Freud's "Unconscious"; "Libido"
The Art of Love
Dreams: Their Significance
Sex Life of Unmarried Adults
Sexual Fetishes and Symbols
Sexual Adjustments
Sex Happiness
Age and the Sexual Impulse
The Sexual Impulse and Love
Love Rights of Women; of Men
Esthetics of Coitus
Expression and Repression
Substitutes for Sex
Glossary of Sexual Terms
Index

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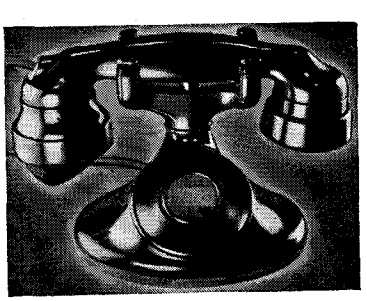

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